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Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Established June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers and household departments. It is one of the most influential papers in the state. It is a valuable space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening to allow the school teachers to be paid in time to start on their vacation as soon as school closed on Thursday. There was a considerable amount of business to come before the board, including the question of holidays to be observed in the city generally. The Chamber of Commerce had submitted a list of holidays approved by that organization and after some discussion Armistice Day was added to the list at the request of the American Legion.

City Solicitor Sullivan submitted the drafts of several acts to be presented to the Legislature, some of which were approved and others being referred for further consideration. These included the bill to exempt the new hotel for a period of ten years, to create the Miantonomi Park Memorial Commission, and the bill to exempt the Newport Electric Company.

On motion of Alderman Martin it was voted to extend an invitation to Secretary of the Navy Denby to be the guest of the city on the Fourth of July.

The matter of ambulance for the board of health was brought up, and after some discussion it was voted to approve the ambulance that had been purchased and the bill was ordered paid. A great deal of routine business was transacted.

The aldermanic committee on Independence Day are already making tentative plans for the observance of the day in Newport, and it is hoped to make this one of the biggest celebrations that the city has known. It is hoped to have the active participation of a large portion of the Navy. The plans will include a number of athletic events in which it is felt that the naval men may be interested, and substantial prizes will be offered.

According to reports from New York there will be a marked revival of interest in yachting during the coming summer, and many yachts that have been laid up since the war will be commissioned this summer. The New York Yacht Club will hold its annual cruise and will put into Newport harbor, where the races for the Astor Cups will be sailed. It is expected that the fleet that makes the cruise this year will be of good size.

The apprentices from the Training Station held their first practice march of the spring season on Wednesday, covering a section of the northern part of the city, so that they were not seen by a great many people. Although the number of boys under training at this station has been greatly reduced, the parade was a creditable one, comprising many branches of the service.

Portions of a human body were found on the shore near the estate of Marsden J. Perry on Wednesday, but as there was no possible means of identification the Medical Examiner gave permission for burial. It is supposed to have been a portion of the body of one of the men lost on the steamer Cape Fear.

The annual sessions of the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which includes the Newport district, will open in Providence on Wednesday, April 6th.

R. H. S. BASKETBALL

Although the Rogers High School basketball team did not win the coveted championship of New England in the Tufts College games last week, they were strong contenders to the last and won the second place in a large field. Their backers in Newport were well pleased with their work as runners-up in the big tournament and the members of the team were warmly greeted on their return to the city. In recognition of their efforts and their splendid accomplishment, the members of the team were tendered a complimentary banquet under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce at the Perry House on Monday evening. There was a large attendance and former Mayor William P. Clarke, of the athletic committee of the School Committee, was the toastmaster. Addresses were made by President David C. Caesar of the Chamber of Commerce, Alderman Hughes, Headmaster Frank E. Thompson, Mr. Charles F. Gifford, and Sub-Master Fred P. Webber. All paid a high tribute to the prowess and fighting quality of the team.

Those who followed the games believed that the local organization was badly handicapped by lack of careful training to comply with the strict rules of the game. In the early contests they were badly penalized by unintentional fouls and after they had trained themselves to avoid these errors they did not feel the confidence and snap that marked their old game. Next time they will be satisfied with nothing less than first place.

FARM BUREAU DRIVE

The Newport County Farm Bureau, in connection with the Rhode Island Federation and the National Federation, has been making a determined drive for membership renewals and new members in the County this week. Their efforts have met with pronounced success and the campaign has been very encouraging. The same workers will next take up a drive for the Providence County Farm Bureau and then for the South County Farm Bureau. Mr. E. O. Wolcott, who has had much success in the West, has been in charge of the drive, while County Agent Knott has been kept busy every minute.

Mr. Duncan McLean observed his seventy-first birthday on Monday, and the occasion was not allowed to pass unnoticed by the St. Andrew's Society, of which he has been treasurer for more than thirty-five years. A delegation from the Society called at his home in the evening and presented him with a handsome and valuable armchair, the presentation being made by President Alexander J. MacIver. Pleasant remarks were made by others and a huge birthday cake was cut.

There was an alarm from box 28 Tuesday morning, calling the fire department to the corner of West Broadway and Marlboro street, where much smoke was issuing from the building owned by P. H. Horgan and occupied by a pool room on the lower floor and tenements above. Children and matches are said to have been responsible for the fire which was finally located in a closet and extinguished without serious difficulty.

The annual town meeting of the town of Jamestown will be held on April 6, but owing to court proceedings and conflicting legal advice, there is still some question as to what names will appear on the official ballot. The new census law has caused considerable controversy and the end seems to be some distance away.

The highway department has begun its spring work, the steam rollers having been taken out for action on Monday. This is considerably earlier than it has been possible to start in recent years. All three rollers are at work on the Bath Road job.

Senator Max Levy is reported as considerably improved, after having been confined to his home on Ayrault street for several days by a severe cold. It was at first feared that pneumonia might develop, but he escaped this disease.

Judge Barrows of the Superior Court has denied the defendant's motion for a new trial in the case of English vs. Keeber, which was tried at the December session of the Court in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hayman have returned from a trip to Florida.

EASTER SUNDAY

Tomorrow will be Easter and all the Christian churches have made preparations for special services during the day. There will be special music by augmented choirs, and the floral decorations in many cases will be elaborate. If the weather should be favorable, there should be large congregations at all the services.

Easter comes unusually early this year, but not at the earliest date possible. For that reason, the weather question is less certain than it might be later in the season, although we have had heavy snowstorms on Easter even when it came in April.

The merchants have had a satisfactory spring business during the past two weeks and stocks have moved rather rapidly. The florists' windows are well filled with flowers and potted plants for the Easter trade, and the dealers are expecting a large volume of business on Saturday.

JULIUS ENGEL

Mr. Julius Engel died at his home on Mt. Vernon street on Sunday after an illness of several months. He was one of the best known of the Jewish residents of Newport, having been engaged in business here for many years. He resided in Newport from 1893 to 1910, when he went to Brooklyn for a time, but returned here about four years ago, establishing an electrical supply business on Broadway. He disposed of a portion of his interest in this business some time ago to Mr. Benjamin T. Langley.

Mr. Engel was for a considerable time President of the Congregation Jeshuat Israel and took a deep interest in its affairs. He was also a member of Coronet Council No. 63, Royal Arcanum.

He is survived by two sons, Dr. Joseph Engel and Mr. Stewart Engel of New York, and two daughters, Mrs. Max Levy and Mrs. Herman Werner of this city.

MICHAEL DRISCOLL

Mr. Michael Driscoll, who was the last proprietor of the old United States Hotel before it closed its doors for the last time, died at his home on Spring street on Monday, after a long illness. He was born in Ireland and had seen considerable service in the British army as a young man, but had made his home in Newport for nearly half a century. He was at one time engaged in the grocery business and afterward was employed at the Torpedo Station. He was the manager of the United States Hotel for some six years.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Theodore Stogar, Misses Katherine A. and Annie I. Driscoll, and one son, Mr. James K. Driscoll.

The local lobster season opens on April 15th, and representatives of the Inland Fish Commission were at the old State House on Thursday to issue licenses to would-be lobster fishermen. There were more licenses granted than ever before and the season promises to be a big one. The number of lobsters in Rhode Island waters is constantly increasing in spite of the large number captured each year, because of the constant restocking from the lobster hatchery at Wickford.

An automobile driven by Kenneth Clarke struck Coast Guard John Finch on the Ocean Drive last Sunday evening and inflicted painful though not dangerous injuries. Finch was returning to the station from patrol when he was struck. He was hurried to the Newport Hospital, where he was found to be suffering from a scalp wound, as well as a broken bone in his foot. The driver of the car said that owing to conflicting lights he was unable to see the man until too late.

The annual visitation of the Great Chiefs to Weenat Shassitt Tribe of Red Men took place on Wednesday evening with a large attendance. There was some delay in starting the ceremonies, owing to the fact that the Great Sachem's party had trouble with their automobile and were very late in arriving. Following the ceremonies an excellent supper was served, the number participating being a record breaker. Remarks were made by a number of the visiting officers.

The public schools closed for the Easter vacation on Thursday afternoon and will re-open on April 4.

A number of the summer residences are being prepared for occupancy next month.

SUPERIOR COURT

The case of Robert Rehange vs. William H. Bone has occupied several days in the Superior Court this week. This was an action to recover damages for an automobile accident in Middletown, as a result of which plaintiff's automobile was considerably damaged and his son was severely injured. Plaintiff claimed that defendant's automobile struck plaintiff's automobile while trying to pass on the road near Mr. Webber's place. The plaintiff's machine was overturned and the occupants thrown out. Several witnesses were called to testify to the injuries of the occupants and the damage to the car.

Defendant claimed that he passed the car with ample clearance, some witnesses testifying to as much as three feet. Immediately after the accident Mr. Bone submitted his car to strict examination by several persons and no mark of a collision could be found upon it, though the car was a new one. He felt no jar and did not know that there had been an accident until persons down the road called his attention to it. Then he went back and carried the injured boy to the hospital.

The jury was out for a short time and returned a verdict for the defendant.

William K. Gorton of Block Island, who had been convicted on the charges contained in the indictment against him last week, was before the Court on Thursday and was sentenced to five years at hard labor in State Prison.

William H. Briggs et ux. vs. Manuel Silveira et ux. was then heard by a jury. This was a Little Compton case for trespass and ejectment, the question being whether the tenants held the property for a specified term, and if they were properly notified to leave. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for possession.

This completed the business of the March session and the Court adjourned to meet according to law.

COMMITTEE OF 25

First Ward—Moulton W. Friend, George W. Bacheller, Edward Ellis, Fletcher W. Lawton, Walter Curry.

Second Ward—John H. Scannevin, W. P. Sheffield, Jr., Patrick H. Horgan, J. Alton Barker, Benjamin W. Downing, 3d.

Third Ward—Geo. M. Buckhout, A. B. Casabias, Norman M. MacLeod, T. I. Hare Powell, Horace P. Beck.

Fourth Ward—Bruce Butterfield, John P. Casey, William H. Clarke, William A. Maher, Thomas F. Reagan.

Fifth Ward—John J. Kelly, Edward A. Martin, Eugene S. Hughes, Henry A. Martin, James J. Martin.

Representatives of the local coal dealers have been in Boston this week attending a conference of dealers from all over New England in an endeavor to find out just how the situation stands and what are the prospects for the future. There does not seem to be any immediate prospect of clarifying the general situation and the dealers are somewhat in doubt as to what the future may bring forth. An effort will probably be made to induce householders to fill their cellars for next winter some time during the summer.

The Cherry Neck Club was the scene of a happy gathering last Sunday when Representative Herbert W. Smith entertained a large party of State officials at a clam bake. Governor San Souci was present, as well as Congressman Clark Burdick, Speaker Fortin and other members of the House, and other State officers.

The members of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, are expecting a large attendance at the Easter ball next Monday evening. The hall will be attractively decorated, the emblems of the Order being much in evidence. The members of the Commandery will wear the Templar uniform, which will add to the gaiety of the scene.

Street Commissioner Sullivan has given notice to abutters that certain streets are to be repaired by his department during the spring and warning them to make all underground connections within a short time as the streets cannot be torn up after the repairs are completed.

Mrs. Frank M. Wheeler has taken a lease of the two front rooms in the Mercury Building, formerly occupied by the Grey Tea Shoppe, and will open a hairdressing and manicuring establishment there.

A number of members of Rhode Island Consistory of Scottish Rite Masonry went to Providence on Thursday to attend the Feast of the Paschal Lamb.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)
Officers Elected at Methodist Conference

The fourth quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at the church with district superintendent, Rev. I. W. LeBaron as presiding officer. The following officers were elected:

Trustees—Rowland S. Chase, Sylvanus P. Fish, Joseph H. Cross, Frederick U. Tallman, Charles B. Ashley, H. Chester Hedley, Sidney T. Hedley, Charles H. Borden.

Stewards—Rowland S. Chase, Sylvanus P. Fish, Robert H. Chappell, Charles B. Ashley, Ernest C. Cross, George A. Faulkner, Sidney T. Hedley, David P. Hedley, Thomas D. Fuller, H. Chester Hedley, Charles H. Borden, Henry Hedley, Mrs. Susie Wyatt, Mrs. Emeline Wilcox, Mrs. Charles H. Borden.

Recording Secretary—Charles B. Ashley.

District Steward—Charles H. Borden.

Treasurer of Current Expenses—Charles B. Ashley.

Financial Secretary—Charles H. Borden.

Communion Steward—Sylvanus P. Fish.

Treasurer of Benevolences—Pastor.

Committee on Foreign Missions—Pastor, Rowland S. Chase, Miss Kate L. Durfee, H. Chester Hedley, Mrs. Susie Wyatt, Mrs. Emeline Wilcox.

Committee on Home Missions—Pastor, Charles B. Ashley, H. Chester Hedley, Rowland S. Chase.

Committee on Religious Instruction—Mrs. Albert E. Sherman, Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley, Charles H. Borden, Sylvanus P. Fish.

Committee on Christian Stewardship—Mrs. Abby Manchester, Mrs. Albert E. Sherman, Mrs. Charles B. Ashley.

Committee on Education—Pastor, Miss Kate L. Durfee, Mrs. Charles H. Borden, Charles H. Borden.

Committee on Education for Negroes—Pastor, David P. Hedley, Sidney T. Hedley, Sylvanus P. Fish.

Committee on Tracts—Pastor, Miss Martha A. Ashley, Mrs. Gordon McDonald.

Committee on Bible Society—Sylvanus P. Fish, David P. Hedley, Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley, Miss Florence Howland.

Committee on Estimating Pastor's Salary—Henry Hedley, Charles B. Ashley, Rowland S. Chase, Sylvanus P. Fish.

Committee on Parsonage Furniture—Mrs. Ida M. Grinnell, Mrs. Emeline Wilcox, Mrs. Charles H. Borden.

Committee on Church Records—David P. Hedley, Sidney T. Hedley, Charles H. Borden, Rowland S. Chase.

Representative to Providence Deacons' Home—Mrs. Susie Wyatt.

Committee on Church Music—Pastor, Charles B. Ashley, H. Chester Hedley, Mrs. William T. Brayton, Mrs. Kate L. Durfee, Mrs. Ralph C. Frechorn.

Flower Committee—Mrs. Gordon McDonald, Miss Alice N. Brayton, Mrs. Charles H. Borden, Mrs. Susie Wyatt and Mrs. Abby Manchester.

Auditing Committee—Rowland S. Chase, Sylvanus P. Fish, David P. Hedley.

Hospital Committee—Miss Kate L. Durfee, Mrs. Charles B. Ashley, Mrs. David P. Hedley.

Trial of Appeals—Sidney T. Hedley.

Mr. Bloom of Newport has taken the position of organist at St. Mary's Church, to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Florence Carley-Hurley's departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Word have been spending a few days with Mrs. Word's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. C. Boyd. Mr. Word has gone Philadelphia, where he expects to be employed. Mrs. Word will join him later.

Mr. Perry G. Randall celebrated his 84th birthday at his home on Sunday. He received a number of gifts and cards. Relatives and friends called during the day to offer congratulations and a few relatives were present in the evening. Refreshments were served. Mr. Randall is remarkably well for a man of his years and carries on a carpenter and builder business and works every day with his men.

Mr. William G. Lamb has gone to New Bedford where he will spend the week.

Mr. George V. Rehfuess, who died recently at his home in Philadelphia, was well known here, having married Miss Harriet Wheeler. Mr. Rehfuess was in his fifty-third year, and was a well known architect. For many years he was building news editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Death was due to pneumonia. Mrs. Rehfuess survives him.

News has been received of the death of Mrs. Walter Brown in Pomfret, Conn. Her husband is the son of Mr. Benjamin Brown of this town. The funeral was held on Wednesday.

An interesting game of basketball was played in the town hall last Saturday evening between the Second Baptist Basketball team of Newport and the Portsmouth team. It was a close game, the score being 14-12 in favor of the Newport team.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
At the regular session of the Probate Court held at the town hall on Monday, March 21, 1921, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of John Howland Smith. The first and final account of Alfred H. Hazard, Jr., administrator, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Abbie F. Hazard. William Thurston was appointed appraiser in place of Joshua Coggeshall, previously appointed and since deceased. Estate of Clarke T. Barker. The second and final account of Fannie R. Barker, administratrix, was referred to the third Monday in April and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. The first account of Albert L. Chase, administrator, was referred to the third Monday of April, with an order of notice.

Estate of Joshua Coggeshall. By assent of parties in interest, notice was waived and on the petition of Elizabeth W. Coggeshall and others, William W. Anthony was appointed administrator and required to give bond in the sum of \$3,000, with Albert L. Chase as surety. John H. Oxx was appointed appraiser.

Estate of John H. Spooner and Richard S. Spooner. Petition to appoint John H. Spooner, Senior, Guardian was referred to the third Monday of April with an order of notice.

Town Council

In Town Council a report was received from Joel Peckham, clerk of the Public School Committee, setting forth that the damage done to the Berkeley schoolhouse by fire during the morning of Monday, March 14, had been adjusted with the Insurance Company, and that the total damage had been appraised at \$5,383.00 and it was voted to approve of the adjustment as reported and the report was received.

A report was received from Percy C. Guy, the certified public accountant, retained by the town council, to audit and verify the books and accounts of the Town Treasurer, which was received and ordered on file.

Robert W. Smith presented the petition of Charlotte J. Miller and others for an appropriation sufficient to repair the roadway of Paradise avenue, and asking that the work begin at once.

This petition was received and held for further consideration. A section at the north end of this avenue has been in deplorable condition for some time. The frequent thaws of the past winter contributed to make the condition much worse, and passage by team has to be slow and careful, especially by automobiles.

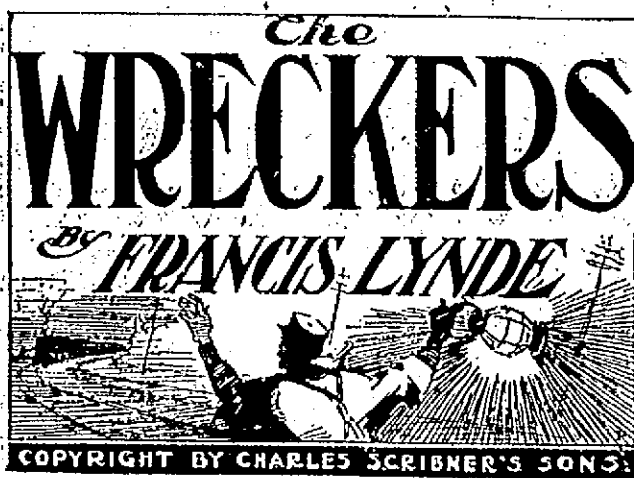
The need of continuing the stone roadbed on Forest avenue at its west end and up to its junction with the West Main Road was emphasized by remarks from Adeline A. Tuck, Nathaniel Champlin, Alexander Stewart and James E. Wilson, owners of land on Forest avenue, and who have frequent occasion to use the same during the winter months. Some of these owners signified their willingness to contribute, stone to aid in building the roadbed. As no money had been expended in this avenue for several years, the speakers thought it only fair and reasonable to claim a small portion of the highway appropriation of 1921.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury:

John H. Spooner and others, for shovelling snow in road district No. 1, \$142.40; Joel Peckham, salary as clerk to Public School Committee, \$76; Robert M. Franklin, services as attorney in prosecuting complaints against Earl Perry and George Perry, for breaking and entering the Battoni house, \$30; the City of Newport, use of its fire apparatus in extinguishing fire at Berkeley Schoolhouse, \$205; Alvin P. Smith and son, for shovelling snow, \$9.50; James Bloomfield, for services as police constable, \$24.00; Clifton B. Ward, expenses of public health nurse, \$150; Fillmore Coggeshall, services as police constable, \$6.00; Percy C. Guy, auditing books and accounts of town treasurer, \$60; G. Alvin Simmons, services as member of Public School Committee, \$25; Edward S. Peckham, coal for heating office of town clerk, \$48.08; Herald Publishing Co., advertising notice of Canvass, \$10.50; Pascal M. Conley, repairs to road scraper, \$22.75; Mary E. Manchester, clerical assistance in office of town clerk, four weeks, \$40; Chase & Chase, clasp envelopes \$5.10, printing estimates of Budget committee, \$10; Newport County Electric Co., electric light at town hall, \$4.93; Providence Telephone Co., use of three telephones, \$3.46; Albert L. Chase, services and expenses as town clerk, \$29.25.

Six hundred dollars was apportioned to each highway district for ordinary repairs and the rates of compensation for labor on the highway were fixed for the present year, being 40 cents per hour for laborers, \$7.00 per day for double team and driver, and \$5.00 per day for single team and driver.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall are expecting to return to their home in Newport today, after having spent the winter in Florida.



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CHAPTER V

And Satan Came Also
"I saw your office lights from the street," was the way the Red Tower president began on me, and his voice took me straight back to the Oregon woods and a lumber camp where the saw-logs were at work. "Where is Mr. Norcross?"

I told him that Mr. Norcross was up-town, and that I didn't suppose he would come back to the office again that night, now that it was so late. "My name is Hatch, of the Red Tower company," he grated, after a minute or two. "You're the one they call Daddies, aren't you?"

I admitted it, and he went on. "Norcross brought you here with him from the West, didn't he? What pay are you getting here?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to cuss him out right there and then and tell him it was none of his business. But the second thought (which isn't always as good as it's said to be) whispered to me to lead him on and see how far he would go. So I told him the figures of my pay check.

"I'm needing another short-hand man, and I can afford to pay a good bit more than that," he growled. "They tell me you are well up at the top in your trade. Are you open to an offer?"

I let him have it straight then. "Not from you," I said.

"And why not from me?" Here was where I made my first bad break. "All of a sudden I got so angry at the thought that he was actually trying to buy me that I couldn't see anything but red, and I blurted out, 'Because I don't hire out to work for any strong-arm outfit—not if I know it!'"

For a little while he sat blinking at me from under his bushy eyebrows, and his hard mouth was drawn into a straight line with a mean, little wrinkle coming and going at the corners of it.

When he got ready, to speak again he said, "You're only a boy. You want to get on in the world, don't you? I'm offering you a good chance: the best, you ever had. You don't owe Norcross anything more than your job, do you?"

"Maybe not." "That's better. Put on your hat and come along with me. I want to show you what I can do for you in a better field than railroad engineering, or ever will be. It'll pay you—"

and he named a figure that very nearly made me fall dead out of my chair. Of course, it was all plain enough. The boss had him on the hip with that kidnaping business, with me for a witness. And he was trying to fix the witness.

"I guess we needn't heat about the bushes any longer, Mr. Hatch," I said, bracing up to him. "I haven't told the sheriff, or anybody but Mr. Norcross, what I know about a certain little train hold-up that happened a few weeks ago down at Sand Creek siding, but that isn't saying that I'm not going to."

"If I had had the sense of a field mouse, I might have known that I was no match for such a man; but I lacked the sense—lacked it good and hard."

"You're like your boss," he said shortly. "You'd go a long distance out of your way to make an enemy when there is no need of it. That hold-up business was a joke, from start to finish. I don't know how you and Norcross came to get in on it; the joke was meant to be on John Chadwick."

The night before, at a little dinner we were giving him at the railroad club, he said there never was a railroad hold-up that couldn't have been stood off. A few of us got together afterward and put up a job on him; sent him over to Strathcona and arranged to have him held up on the way back.

"Mr. Chadwick didn't take it as a joke!" I retorted.

"I know he didn't; and that's why we're all anxious now to dig a hole and bury the thing decently. Perhaps we had all been taking a drop too much at the club dinner that night."

At that I swelled up man-size and kicked the whole kettle of fat into the fire.

"Of course, it was a joke!" I ripped out. "And your coming here to-night to try to hire me away from Mr. Norcross is another. The woods are full of good short-hand men, Mr. Hatch, but for the present I think I shall stay right where I am—where a court subpoena can find me when I'm wanted."

"That's all nonsense, and you know it—if you're not too much of a kid to know anything," he snapped, shooting out his heavy jaw at me. "I merely wanted to give you a chance to get rid of the railroad collar, if you felt like it. I like a fighting man; and you've got nerve. Take a night and sleep on it. Maybe you'll think differently in the morning."

Here was another chance for me to get off with a whole skin, but by this time I was completely lost to any sober weighing and measuring of the possible consequences. Leaning across the desk end I gave him a final shot, just as he was getting up to go.

"Listen, Mr. Hatch," I said. "You haven't fooled me for a single minute."

Your guess is right; I heard every word that passed between you and Mr. Henckel that Monday morning in the Bullard lobby. As I say, I haven't told anybody yet but Mr. Norcross; but if you go to making trouble for him and the railroad company, I'll go into court and swear to what I know!"

He was half-way out of the door when I got through, and he never made any sign that he heard what I said. After he was gone I began to sense; just a little, how big a fool I had made of myself. But I was still mad clear through at the idea that he had taken me for the other kind of a fool—the kind that wouldn't know enough to be sure that the president of a big corporation wouldn't get down to lamping with a common clerk unless there was some big thing to be stood off by it.

"Burnt and crippled? What happened to me, Malsie Ann?" "Nobody knows; not even the doctors. We've been hoping that some day you'd be able to tell us. Can't you tell me now, Jimmie?"

I told her all there was to tell, mumbling around among the words the best I could. Then she told me how the headquarters watchman had found me about midnight; with my right hand scorched black and the rest of me apparently dead and ready to be buried. The ambulance surgeon had insisted, and was still insisting, that I had been handling a live wire; but there were no wires at all in the lower hall, and nothing stronger than an incandescent light current in the entire office building.

"And you say I've been here hanging on by my eyelashes for three days? What has been going on in all that time, Malsie Ann? Hasn't anybody been here to see me?"

She gave a little nod. "Everybody, nearly. Mr. Van Britt has been up every day, and sometimes twice a day. He has been awfully anxious for you to come alive."

"But Mr. Norcross?" I queried. "Hasn't he been up?"

She shook her head and turned her face away, and she was looking straight out of the window at the setting sun when she asked, "When was the last time you saw Mr. Norcross, Jimmie?"

I choked a little over a big scare that seemed to rush up out of the bed-clothes to smother me. But I made out to answer her question, telling her how Mr. Norcross had left the office maybe half an hour or so before I did, that night, going up-town with Mr. Ripley. Then I asked her why she wanted to know.

"Because nobody has seen him since a little later that same night," she said, saying it very softly and without turning her head. And then: "Mr. Van Britt found a letter from Mr. Norcross on his desk the next morning. It was just a little typewritten note, on a Hotel Bullard letter sheet, saying that he had made up his mind that the Pioneer Short Line wasn't worth fighting for, and that he was resigning and taking the midnight train for the East."

I sat straight up in bed; I should have had to do it if both arms had been burnt to a crisp clear to the shoulders.

"Resigned?—gave up and ran away? I don't believe that for a single minute, Malsie Ann!" I burst out.

She was shaking her head again, still without turning her face so that I could see it.

"I'm afraid it's all true, Jimmie. There were two telegrams that came to Mr. Norcross the night he went away; one from Mr. Chadwick and the other from Mr. Dunton. I heard Mr. Van Britt telling Cousin Sheila what the messages were. He'd seen the copies of them that they keep in the telegraph office."

It was on my tongue's end to say that Mr. Norcross never had seen those two telegrams, because I had them in my pocket and was on my way to deliver them when I got shot; but I didn't. Instead, I said: "And you think that was why Mr. Norcross threw up his hands and ran away?"

"No; I don't think anything of the sort. I know what it was, and you know what it was," and at that she turned around and pushed me gently down among the pillows.

"What was it?" I whispered, more than half afraid that I was going to hear a confirmation of my own breathtaking conviction. And I heard it, all right.

"It was what I was telling you about that same evening, you remember—down in the hall when you brought the flowers for Cousin Sheila. You told him what I told you, didn't you?"

"No; I didn't have a chance—not any real chance."

"Then somebody else told him, Jimmie; and that is the reason he has resigned and gone away. Mr. Van Britt thinks it was on account of the two messages from Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Dunton, and that is why he wants to talk to you about it. But you know, and I know, Jimmie, dear; and for Cousin Sheila's sake and Mr. Norcross's, we must never slip it to a human soul. A new general manager has been appointed, and he is on his way out here from New York. Everything has gone to pieces on the railroad, and all of Mr. Norcross's friends are getting ready to resign. Isn't it perfectly heart-breaking?"

It was; it was so heart-breaking that I just gasped once or twice and went off the hook again, with Malsie Ann's frightened little shriek ringing in my ears as she tried to hold me back from slipping over the edge.

CHAPTER VI
What Every Man Knows—

I wasn't gone very long on this second excursion into the woody-woozles, though it was night-time, and the shaded electric light was turned on when I opened my eyes and found Mrs. Sheila sitting by the bedside. The change in Mrs. Sheila sort of made me gasp. She wasn't any less pretty as she sat there with her hands clasped in her lap, but she was different; sober, and with the laugh all gone out of the big gray eyes, and a look in them as if she had suddenly become so wise that nobody could ever fool her.

"You are feeling better now?" she asked, when she found me staring at her.

I told her I guessed I was, but that my head hurt me some.

"You have had a great shock of some kind—besides the burn, Jimmie," she rejoined, folding up the bed covers so that the bandaged hand would rest easier. "The doctors are all puzzled. Does your head feel quite clear now—so that you can think?"

"It feels as if I had a crazy clock in it," I said. "But the thinking part is all right. Have you heard anything from Mr. Norcross yet?"

"Not a word. We have been hoping that you could tell us something when you should recover sufficiently to talk. Can't you, Jimmie?"

Remembering what Malsie Ann had told me just before I went off the hook, I thought I might tell her a lot if I dared to. But that wouldn't do. So I just said:

"I told Malsie Ann all I knew about Mr. Norcross. He left the office some little time before I did—with Mr. Ripley. I didn't know where they were going."

"They went to the hotel," she helped out. "Mr. Ripley says they sat in the lobby until after ten o'clock, and then Mr. Norcross went up to his rooms."

Of course, I knew that Mr. Ripley knew all about the Hatch ruction; but if he hadn't told her, I wasn't going to tell her.

"There was some trouble in connection with Mr. Hatch that evening, wasn't there?" she asked.

"Hatch had some trouble—yes. But I guess the boss didn't have any," I replied.

"How are you, Jimmie?" he rapped out. "Glad to see you on earth again. Feeling a little more fit, tonight?"

I told him I didn't think it would take more than half a dozen fellows of my size to knock me out, but I was gaining. Then he sat down and put me on the question rack. I gave him all I had—except that thing about the undelivered telegrams and two or three others that I couldn't give him or anybody.

"We're in pretty bad shape, aren't we?" I suggested.

"We couldn't be in worse shape," was the way he put it. Then he told me a little more than Malsie Ann had; how President Dunton had wired to stop all the betterment work on the Short Line until the new general manager could get on the ground; how the local capitalists at the head of the new Citizens' Storage & Warehouse organization were scared plumb out of their shoes and were afraid to make a move; and how the newspapers all over the state were saying that it was just what they had expected—that the railroad was crooked in root and branch, and that a good man couldn't stay with it long enough to get his breath.

"Then the new general manager has been appointed?" I asked.

He nodded. "Some fellow by the name of Dismuke. I don't know him, and neither does Hornack. He is on his way west now, they say."

"Mr. Norcross hasn't shown up at Mr. Chadwick's Chicago offices?" I ventured.

"No. The telegraph people have been wiring everywhere and can't get any trace of him."

"Tell them to try Galesburg. That's where his people live."

"I know," he said; and he made a note of the address on the back of an envelope. Then he came at me again, on the "direct," as a lawyer would say.

"You've been closer to Norcross in an intimate way than any of us, Jimmie; haven't you seen or heard something that would help to turn a little more light on this damnable blow-up?"

I hadn't—outside of the one thing I couldn't talk about—and I told him so, and at this he let me see a little more of what was going on in his own mind.

"You're lone of us, in a way, Jimmie, and I can talk freely to you. Mrs. Mincro insists that there has been foul play of some sort. You say you weren't present when Hatch called on Norcross at the office that night?"

"No; I came in just after Hatch went away."

"Did Norcross say anything to make you think there had been a fight?"

"He told me that Hatch was abusive and had made threats—in a business way."

"In a business way? What do you mean by that?"

I quoted the boss' own words, as nearly as I could recall them.

"So Hatch did make a threat, then? Can you add anything more?"

I could, but I didn't want to. Mr. Van Britt didn't know anything about the Sand Creek siding hold-up, or I supposed he didn't, and I didn't want to be the first one to tell him. Besides, the whole business was beside the mark. Malsie Ann knew, and I knew, that the boss, strong and unbreakable as he was in other ways, had simply thrown up his hands and quit because somebody had told him that Mrs. Sheila had a husband living. So I just said:

"Nothing that would help out," and after he had talked a little while longer our only millionaire went downstairs again.

It's so funny how things change around for a person just by giving them time to sort of shake down into place, and fit themselves together. After a while the chin edge of the wedge that Mrs. Sheila had been trying to drive into me began to fade hold, just a little, in spite of what I knew—or thought I knew. I was it barely possible, after all, that there had been foul play of some sort?

In the first place, something had been done to me by somebody; it was a sure thing that I hadn't crippled and half-killed myself all by my lonesome. Then they had said that the boss stayed up with Mr. Ripley that night until after ten o'clock, and had then gone up to go to bed. That being the case, how could anybody have got to him between that time and the leaving time of the midnight Fast Mail to tell him about Mrs. Sheila?

Any-way I was stuck up, it made a three-cornered puzzle, needing somebody to tackle it right away; and when I finally went to sleep it was with the notion that, sick or no sick, I was going to turn out early in the morning and get busy.

I was well enough to get up the next morning, and when I phoned to Mr. Van Britt he sent his car out to the major's to take me down to the office. Just before I left the house, Mrs. Sheila was laid, and after telling me that I must be careful and not take cold in the burnt hand, she put in another word about the boss' disappearance.

"I want you to remember what I said last night, Jimmie, and not let the others talk you over into the belief that Mr. Norcross has gone away because he was either discouraged or afraid. He wouldn't do that; you know it, and I know it. We are his friends, you and I, and we must stand by him and defend him when he isn't here to defend himself."

It did me good to hear her talk that way. I had been sort of getting ready to dislike her for letting the boss get in so deep and, not telling him straight out that she was a married woman and he wasn't; but when I saw that she was trying to be just as loyal to him as I was, it pulled me over to her side again.

Though the boss' disappearance was now four days old, things were still in a sort of daze down at the railroad offices. Mr. Van Britt, being the general superintendent and next in command, had moved over into the boss' office, and Fred May was doing his shorthand work. They couldn't let me do anything much—I couldn't



"We Must Stand by Him and Defend Him."

do much with my right arm in a sling—so I had a chance to hang around and size up the situation. If you want to know how it sized up, you can take it from me that it was pretty bad. People all along the line were bombarding Mr. Van Britt with letters and telegrams wanting to know what was going to be done, and what the change in management was going to mean for the public, and all that. You see, Mr. Norcross had laid out a mighty attractive program in the little time he had been at the wheel, and now it looked as if it was all going to be dumped into the ditch.

Mr. Van Britt saw and talked with everybody, and when he could wedge off a minute or two of privacy, he'd go into the third room of the suite

and thrash it out with Juneman, or Bloughby, or Mr. Ripley. From these private talks I found out that there was still some doubt in the minds of all four of them about the boss' drop-out—as to whether it was voluntary or not.

Also, I found out what had been done during the four days. We had no "company detective" at that time, and Mr. Hornack had borrowed a man named Grimmer from his old company, the Overland Central, wiring for him and getting him on the ground within twenty-four hours of the time of Mr. Norcross' disappearance.

Grimmer had gone to work at once, but everything he had turned up so far, favored the voluntary runaway theory. Mr. Norcross' trunks were still in his rooms at the Bullard; but his two grips were gone. And the night clerk at the hotel, when he was pushed to it, remembered that the boss had paid his bill up to date that night, before going up to his rooms.

Past that, the trace was completely lost. The conductor on the Fast Mail, eastbound, on the night in question, swore by all that was good and great that Mr. Norcross hadn't been a passenger on his train. And he would certainly have known it if he had been carrying his general manager.

Over in the other field there was absolutely nothing to incriminate the Hatch people. So far from it, Hatch had turned up at the railroad office, bright and early the morning after Mr. Norcross had gone. He had asked for the boss and, failing to find him, he had hunted up Mr. Van Britt. What he wanted, it seemed, was a chance to reopen the proposition that had been made to him the day before—the offer of the new Citizens' Storage & Warehouse company to purchase the various Red-Tower equipments and plants.

Mr. Van Britt had referred him to Mr. Ripley, and to our lawyer Hatch had made what purported to be an open confession, admitting that he had gone to Mr. Norcross the night before, determined to fight the new company to a finish; and that there had been a good many things said that would better be forgotten. Now, however, he was willing to talk straight business and a compromise. He had called his board of directors together, and they had voted to sell their stock-bonding plants to Citizens' Storage & Warehouse at a price could be amicably agreed upon.

With Mr. Norcross gone and a new general manager coming, Mr. Ripley was afraid to make a move, and Hatch was pressing him to get busy on the bargain and sale proposition; was apparently as anxious now to sell and withdraw as he had at first been to fight everything in sight.

By the morning I came on the scene the man Grimmer had, as they say, just about done his do. He was only a sort of journeyman detective, and had run out of clues. When he came in and talked to Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Ripley, I could see that he fully believed in the drop-out theory, and even the lawyer and Mr. Van Britt had to admit that the facts were with him. The boss had written a letter saying definitely that he was quitting; he had paid his hotel bill, and his grips were gone; and two days later President Dunton had appointed a new general manager, which was proof positive, you'd say, that the boss had resigned and had so notified the New York office.

When the noon hour came along, Fred May took me to luncheon, and we went to the Bullard cafe. It was pretty rich for our blood at two dollars per, but I guess Fred thought his job was gone, anyway, and felt reckless. Over the good things at our corner table we did a little thrashing on our own account—and got a lot more chaff and no grain.

Fred didn't want to agree with Grimmer and the facts, but there didn't seem to be any help for it. And as for me, I had other things in mind all the time—the big scary fear that somebody had got to the boss after

Continued on Page 3

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 9.50 P. M.

THE WRECKERS

he had left Ripley on the night of
shockings, and had just bashed him in
the face with the story of Mrs. Sheila's
slam widowhood.

By and by we got around to my
burned hand, and Fred told me Grim-
mer had at least succeeded in clearing
up whatever mystery there was about
that. The wall switch for the electric
light in the lower hall at the head-
quarters was right beside the outer
door jamb—as I knew. It had burned
out in some way, and that was why
there was no light on when I went
down stairs. And in burning out it
had short-circuited itself with the
brass lock of the door; Fred didn't
know just how, but Grimmer had ex-
plained it. I asked him if Grimmer
had explained how a 110 volt light cur-
rent could cook me like a fried potato,
and he said he hadn't.

The afternoon at the office was a
sort of cut-and-come-again repeat of
the morning, with lots of people mill-
ing around and things going crooked
and cross-ways, as they were bound
to with the boss gone and a new boss
coming. Nobody had any heart for
anything, and along late in the after-
noon when word came of a freight
wreck at Cross Creek Gulch, Mr. Van
Britt threw up both hands and yipped
and swore like a pirate. It just showed
what a raw edge the headquarters' nerves
were taking on.

Though it wasn't his business, Mr.
Van Britt went out with the wrecking
train, and Fred May and I had it
all to ourselves for the remaining hour
or so up to closing time. Just before
five, Mr. Cantrell, the editor of the
Mountaineer, dropped in. He looked
a bit disappointed when he found
only us two. Fred turned him over
to me, and he came on in to the priv-
ate office, when I asked him to, and
smoked one of the best good cigars
out of a box that I found in the big
desk.

I liked Cantrell. He was just the
sort of man you expect an editor to
be; tall and thin and kind of mild-
eyed, with an absent way with him
that made you feel as if he were
thinking along about a mile ahead of
you when you were striking the best
thing-got you ever knew of.

"No word yet from Mr. Norcross, I
suppose?" he said.

"I told him there wasn't."

"It's very singular to me, and to
all of us, as it is to you," I threw in.

The editor smoked on for a full
minute without saying anything more,
and he seemed to be staring absently
at a steamship picture on the wall.
When he got good and ready, he be-
gan again.

"You don't need any common plain-
clothes men on this job, Jimmie; you
need the best there is: a real, dyed-
in-the-wool Sherlock Holmes, if there
ever were such a miracle."

"You think it is a case for a de-
tective?"

"I do," he replied, looking straight
at me, with his mild blue eyes. "If
I were one of Mr. Norcross' close
friends I should get the best help that
could be found and not lose a single
minute about it."

Since there was nobody around
who was any closer to the boss than
I was, I jumped into the hole pretty
quick.

"Can you tell us anything that will
help, Mr. Cantrell?" I asked.

"Not specifically, I wish I could.
But I can say this: I know Mr. Rufus
Hatch and his associates up one side
and down the other. They are band-
ing with the political pirates who
control this state. From the little
that has leaked out, and the great deal
that has been published in the Hatch-
controlled newspapers all over the
state during the past few weeks, it is
apparent that Mr. Norcross' removal
was a thing greatly to be desired, not
only by the Red Tower people, but
also by the political bosses. That
ought to be enough to make all of
you suspicious—very suspicious, Jim-
mie."

The tall editor got up and made
ready to go. "If I were in your place,
or rather in Mr. Van Britt's, I'd get
an expert on this job—and I shouldn't
let much grass grow under my feet
while I was about it. Call me up at
the Mountaineer office if I can help.
And with that he went away."

It was just a little while after this
that I put on my hat and strolled
across the yard tracks to Kirgan's
office in the shops. Kirgan was an
old friend, as you might say; he had
been on the Oregon building job with
us and knew the boss through and
through. I didn't have anything spe-
cial to say, but I kind of wanted to
talk to somebody who knew. So I
loafed in on Kirgan.

He loved the boss like a brother.
As soon as I came in, he fired his kid
stenographer on some errand or other,
and made me sit down and tell him
all I knew. When I got through he
was pulling at his long mustache and
wrinkling his nose as I've seen a bull-
dog do when he was getting ready to
bite something.

"You haven't got all the drop-out
business cornered over yonder in the
general office, Jimmie," he said slowly,
tipping back in his swing-chair and
glowering at me with those sultry eyes

of his. "On that same night that you're
talkin' about, I stand to lose one per-
fectly good Atlantic-type locomotive.
At ten o'clock she was set in on the
spur below the coal chutes. At twelve
o'clock, when the round-house watch-
man went down there to see if her
fire was banked all right, she was
gone."

CHAPTER VII

The Lost 1016

When Kirgan told me he was
shy, a whole locomotive, I began to
see all sorts of fire-works. Of course,
there was nothing on earth to connect

the boss' disappearance with that of
the engine which had been left stand-
ing below the coal chutes, but the two
things snapped themselves together
for me like the linkages of an auto-
mobile coupling, and I couldn't wedge
them apart.

"An engine—even a little old Atlan-
tic-type—is a pretty big thing to lose,
isn't it, Kirgan?" I asked.

Kirgan righted his chair with a
crouch.

"Jimmie, I've sifted this blamed out-
fit through an eighty-mesh screen!"
he growled. "With all the devil-to-pay



"I've Sifted This Blame Outfit Through
an Eighty-Mesh Screen."

that's got on over at the head-
quarters, I didn't want to bother Mr.
Van Britt, and I haven't been ad-
vertising in the newspapers. But it's
a holy fact, Jimmie. The 'Sixteen's
gone!"

I was trying to pry myself loose
from the opinion that the loss of the
engine and the boss' disappearance
at about the same time were in some
way connected with each other. It
was no use, the idea refused to let go.
"Look here, Kirgan," I shoved in;
"can you think of any possible reason
why Mr. Norcross should write Mr.
Van Britt a letter saying that he had
quit and was going east on the mid-
night train and then should change
his mind and come down here and go
somewhere on that engine?"

After I had said it, it sounded so
foolish that I wanted to take it back.
But Kirgan didn't seem to look at it
that way.

"Well, I'll be shot!" he exclaimed.
"I never saw thought of that! But
where the devil would he go? And
how would he get there without some-
body finding out? And why in Sam
Hill would he do a thing like that,
anyway? Why, sufferin' Moses! if
he wanted to go anywhere, all he had
to do was to order out his car and
tell the dispatcher, and go."

"I can't figure it out any better than
you can," I confessed. "Mr. Norcross
is gone, and the Ten-Sixteen is gone,
and they both dropped out between
ten and twelve o'clock on the same
night. Mart, I don't believe Mr. Nor-
cross went east; at all I believe,
when we find that engine, we'll find
him!"

Kirgan got out of his chair and be-
gan to walk up and down in the little
space between his desk and the draw-
ing-board. Besides being the best boss
mechanic in the West, he was a first-
class fighting man, with a clear head
and nerve to burn. When he had got
as far as he could go alone he turned
on me.

"Jimmie, do you reckon this Red
Tower outfit was far enough along in
its scrap with the boss to put up a job
to pass him out of the game?" he de-
manded.

I told him it didn't seem to fit into
any twentieth-century scheme of
things, and past that I mentioned the
fact that the Hatch people had taken
the back track and were now offering
to sell out and stop chocking the
wheels of reform.

"I know," he put in. "But I've been
readin' the papers, Jimmie, and it
ain't all Red Tower, not by a jugful.
The big graft in this neck-a-woods is
political, and the Red Tower gang is
only set-a-cogs in the bull-wheel. Mr.
Norcross was gettin' himself mighty
pointedly disliked; you know that.
The way he was aimin' to run things,
it was beginnin' to look as if maybe
the people of this state might wake up
some day and turn in and help him."

"I know all about that," I threw in.
"But where are you trying to land,
Mart?"

"Right here, Mr. Norcross was the
whole show. Take him out of it and
the whole shootin'-match would fall
to pieces—as it's doin', right now.
They didn't need to slug him or shoot
him up or anything like that: if it
could be made to look as if he'd
jumped the job, quit, chucked it all
up, yes, there you are. A new boss
would be sent out here, and you could
bet your sweet life he wouldn't be
anybody like Mr. Norcross. Not so
you could notice it. The New York
people would take blamed good care a
that."

"You think the Danton people are
standing in with the graft?"

"Nobody could've grabbed off the
methy-power job on this railroad, as

I did, Jimmie, and not think it—and
be a—n—sure of it. Why, Lord o'
Heavens, the Red Tower bunch was
usin' us just the same as if we be-
longed to 'em!—orderin' our men to
do their machinery repairs; helpin'
themselves to any railroad material
that they happened to need, usin' our
cars and engines on their tuggin' roads
and mine branches."

"You stopped all this?"

"You bet I did—between two days!
They've been makin' seventeen differ-
ent kinds of a roar ever since, but I've
had Mr. Van Britt and the big boss
behind me, so I just shoved ahead."

What Kirgan said about the Red
Tower people using our rolling stock
on their private branch roads set a
bee to buzzing in my brain. What if
they had stolen the 1016 to use in that
way?

"You have a blue-print of the Portal
division here, haven't you?" I asked.

"Dig it up and let's have a look at it."
At first the facts threatened to bluff
us. The blue-print engineers' map was
an old one, but it showed the spurs and
side-tracks, the stations and water
tanks. Since the lost engine had been
standing at the western end of the
Portal City yards, we didn't try to
trace it eastward. To get out in that
direction it would have had to pass
the round-house, the shops, the pas-
senger station and the headquarters
building, and even at that time of
night, somebody would have been sure
to see it.

Tracing the other way—westward—
we had a clear track for ten miles to
Arroyo. Arroyo had no night opera-
tor, so we agreed that the stolen en-
gine might easily have slipped past
there without being marked down.
Eight miles beyond Arroyo we came
to Banta, the first night station west
of Portal City. Here, as we figured
it, the wild engine must have been
seen by the operator, if by no one
else. Banta was an apple town, and
the town itself might have been
asleep, but the wire man at the sta-
tion shouldn't have been.

"Let's hold Banta in suspense a bit,
and allow that by some means or
other the thieves managed to get by,"
I suggested. "The next thing to be
considered is the fact that the Ten-
Sixteen must now have been run-
ning—without orders, we must remem-
ber—against the Fast Mail coming
east. The Mail didn't pass her any-
where—potentially, at least; if it
had, the fact would show up in some
station's report to the dispatcher's
office."

At this, we hunted up an official
time-card and began to figure on the
"miser" proposition. The Fast Mail
was due at Portal City at twelve-
twenty, and on the night in question
it had been on time. Making due
time allowances for inaccuracy in the
yard watchman's story, the missing
engine could hardly have left the
Portal City yard much before ten-
forty-five.

The Fast Mail was scheduled at
forty miles an hour. Its time at Banta
was eleven-fifty-three. Allowing the
1016 the same rate of speed in the
opposite direction, it would have
passed Banta at eleven-twelve or there-
abouts. Hence there would still be
forty-one minutes' running time to be
divided between the eastbound train
and the westbound engine. In other
words, the meeting-point, with the two
running at the same speed, would fall
about twenty minutes west of Banta.

Tracing the line on the blue-print,
we hunted for a possible passing point,
which, according to the way we had
things worked out, should have been
not more than thirteen or fourteen
miles west of Banta. There was a
blind siding ten miles west, but be-
yond that, nothing east of Sand Creek,
which was twenty-one miles farther
along; at least, there was nothing that
showed up on the map. The ten-mile
siding might have served for the pass-
ing point, but in that case the crew
of the Fast Mail would surely have
seen the 1016 waiting on the siding as
they came by. And they hadn't seen
it; Kirgan said they had been ques-
tioned promptly the following morn-
ing.

Though I had been over the road
with Mr. Norcross in his private car
any number of times since we had
taken hold, I didn't recall the detail
topographies very clearly, and I
couldn't seem to remember anything
about this siding ten miles west of
Banta. So I asked Kirgan.

"That siding isn't in any such shape
that the Fast Mail could get by with-
out seeing a 'meet' train on the side-
track, is it?"

The big master-mechanic shook his
head.

"Hardly, you'd think. I reckon we are
up a stump, Jimmie. That siding is
part of an old 'Y' at the mouth of a
gulch that runs back into the moun-
tains for maybe a dozen miles or so.
They tell me the 'Y' was put in for
the Timber Mountain Lumber outfit
when they used the gulch month for
their shipping point. They had one
of their saw-mills up in the gulch
somewhere, but the business died out
when they got the timber all cut off."

"Tell me this, Mart," I put in quick-
ly. "The Timber Mountain company
is one of the Red Tower monopolies:
did it have a railroad track up that
gulch connecting with our 'Y'?"

"Why, yes; I reckon so. I'm not
right sure that there ain't one there
yet. But if there is, it's been dis-
connected from the 'Y'. I'm sure of
that, because I went in on that 'Y'
one day with the wrecker."

You'd think this would have settled
it. But I hung on like a dog to a
root.

"Say, Mart," I insisted, "this 'Y'
siding we're talking about is just
around where the Ten-Sixteen ought
to have met the Mail; so far as we
can tell by this map it's the only place
where it could have met it. And the
old gulch track would have been a
mighty good hiding-place for the stolen
engine!"

"There ain't any track there," said
Kirgan, shaking his head; "or, least-
wise, if there is, it hasn't any rail con-
nection with our siding, just as I'm
telling you. We'll have to look far-

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains
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age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has
been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency,
Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising
therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids
the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTRAL PHARMACY, NEW YORK CITY.

ther along."

Somewhat, I couldn't get it out of
my head but that I was right. Our
guesses all went as straight as a
string to that 'Y' siding ten miles west
of Banta, and I was sure that if I had
been talking to Mr. Van Britt I could
have convinced him. But Kirgan was
awfully hard-headed.

"It's supper time," he said, after
we had muddled a while longer over
the map. "Tomorrow, if you like,
we'll take an engine and run down
there. But we ain't going to find any-
thing. I can tell you that, right now."

"Yes, and tomorrow we may have
the new general manager; and then
you and I and all the others will be
hunting for some other railroad to
work on," I retorted.

I pretty nearly had him over the
edge, but I couldn't push him the
rest of the way to save my life.
"If there was the least little scrap-
reason even to imagine that Mr. Nor-
cross had gone off on that stolen
eight-wheeler, it would be different,
Jimmie," he protested. "But there
ain't; and you know doggoned well
there ain't. Let's go by-ones and
hunt up something to eat. You'll feel
a heap clearer in your mind when you
get a good square meal inside o' your
clothes."

We left the shop offices together,
and got shut out, crossing the yard,
by a freight that was pulling in from
the west. There was a yard crew
shifting on the other side of the in-
coming train, and rather than wait
for the double obstruction to clear itself,
we walked down the shop track, mean-
ing to go around the lower end of
things.

This detour took us past the round-
house, and when we reached the turn-
table lead, the engine of the just-
arrived freight came backing down
the skip-track. Seeing Kirgan, the
engineer swung down from the step,
at the lead switch, leaving the hostler
to "spot" the engine on the table. I
knew the engineer by sight. His name
was Gorchor, and he was a reformed
cow-puncher—with a record for getting
out of more tight places with a heavy
train than any other man on the divi-
sion.

"Here's looking at you, Mr. Kir-
gan," he said, with a sort of happy
Hooligan grin on his smutty face.
"You been passin' the word, quiet,
among the boys to keep an eye out
for that Atlantic-type that got lost in
the shuffle, ain't you? Well, I found
her."

"What's that—where?" snapped Kir-
gan, in a tone that made a noise like
the pop of a whip-lash.

"You know that old gravel pit that
digs into the hill a mile west of the
old 'Y' on the Timber Mountain grade?
Well, she's there; plumb at the far
end o' that gravel track, cold and
dead."

"Cripplid?" Kirgan rapped out.

"Not as we could see; just dead.
She's got her nose shoved a piece
into the gravel bank, but she ain't
off the rail."

Kirgan nodded. "Who else saw
her?"

"Nobody but the boys on our train,
I reckon."

"All right. Don't spread it. Want
to make a little overtime?"

"I ain't kickin' none."

"That's business. After you've had
your supper, call up your fireman and
report to me here at the round-house.
We'll take a light engine and go down
along and get that runaway."

This seemed to settle Kirgan's half
of the puzzle. We hadn't taken the
gravel track into our calculations sim-
ply because it wasn't marked on the
map we had been studying; but that
merely meant that the pit had been
opened some time after the map had
been made.

When Gorchor had gone into the
round-house to wash up and tell his
fireman to report back, Kirgan and
I crossed the yard and headed for
town. I left the master-mechanic at
the door of a Greek eat-shop that he
patronized and went on up to the
Bullard. I was just getting around
to my piece of canned pumpkin pie

when the kid from the dispatcher's
office came into the grill-room, stretch-
ing his neck as if he were looking for
somebody. When he got his eye on
me he came across to my corner and
handed me a telegram. It was from
Mr. Chadwick, under a Chicago date
due, and it was addressed "To the
General Manager's Office." Just like
that. There were only nine words in
it, but they were all strictly to the
point: "What's gone wrong? Where
is Mr. Norcross? Answer quick."

I saw in half a second at least a
part of what had happened. Mr. Chad-
wick was back from his Canadian
trip, and emphatically—the New York
people, perhaps—had wired him that
a new general manager had been ap-
pointed for Pioneer Short Line. The
old wheel king's quick shot at our
office showed that he wasn't in the
plot, and that whatever else had be-
come of him, Mr. Norcross hadn't as
yet turned up in Chicago.

Geel, but that brought on more
talk—swallowing lot of it I meant
to find out, right away, if Mr. Van
Britt had come back from the scene
of a wreck. He was the man to an-
swer Mr. Chadwick's wire. But an
interruption baffled in suddenly, just
as I was signing the dinner check.
The head waiter, who knew me from
having seen me so often with the boss,
came over to say that I was wanted
quick at the telephone.

It was Mrs. Sheila on the wire, and
I could tell by the way her voice
sounded that she was mightily ex-
cited.

"I've been calling you on every
phone I could think of," was the way
she began; and then: "Where is Mr.
Van Britt?"

I told her about the wreck, and said
I was afraid he hadn't got back yet.
I heard something that sounded like
a muffled and half-impatient, "Oh,
dear!" and then she went on. "I have
just had a phone message from Mr.
Cantrell, the editor of the Mountaineer.
He called the house to try
to find Major Kendrick. He has heard
something which may explain about
Mr. Norcross. He said he didn't want
to put it on the wire."

That was enough for me. "I'll go
right over to the Mountaineer office,"
I told her; and in just about two
shakes of a dead lamb's tail, I was
standing at Mr. Cantrell's elbow in
his little den on the third floor of the
newspaper building across the avenue.
"Mrs. Macrae telephoned you?" he
asked, pushing his bunch of copy pa-
per aside.

"Yes; just a minute ago."

"I'll give you what I have, and you
may do what you please with it. One
of our young men—Branderby—has
discovered—in some way that he didn't
care to explain over the phone—that
there was a plot of some kind con-

necting the back room of a dive on
lower Nevada avenue on the night
Mr. Norcross disappeared. From what
Branderby says, I take it that the
plot was overhauled, in part, at least,
by some habitue of the place who was
too drunk to get it entirely straight
and intelligible. The plotters were
four of Clannish's men, and, as
Branderby got it, they were planning
to steal a locomotive. Do you know
anything about that?"

"I do. The engine was stolen all
right, that very night. Kirgan, our
master-mechanic, has known it was
gone, but he has been keeping quiet
in hopes he'd be able to find the en-
gine without making any public stir-
about it."

"The story, as it has been handed
on to Branderby, is pretty badly mud-
dled," the editor went on. "There
was something in it about an attempt
to wreck and rob the Fast Mail, and
something else about sending a note
to somebody at the Bullard—a note
that 'would do the business'—was the
way it was put."

"That note was sent to Mr. Nor-
cross!" I broke in excitedly, taking a
running jump at the guess.

"If you will wait until Branderby
comes in, he may be able to give you
more of the particulars." Cantrell was
beginning to say; but good gosh!—
I couldn't wait. I was scared stiff
for fear I shouldn't be able to get
back to the round-house before Kirgan
started out on that engine-rescuing
trip.

"That's enough," I gasped; "I'm
gone!" and I tumbled down the two
flights of stairs and sprinted for the
railroad yard, reaching the round-
house not one half-second too soon.
Kirgan was there, with Gorchor and
two firemen. They had a light engine
out on the tank track and were fill-
ing her with water.

"They took Mr. Norcross with them
on the Ten-Sixteen!" was all I could
say and then I guess my late electric
knock-out got in its work to pay for
the quick sprint down from the news-
paper office, for I keeled over into
Kirgan's arms and sort of half fainted.
It seemed.

"Because, when I came to, right good
again, Kirgan had me up on the fire-
man's box, with an arm around me to
hold me there; Billy Gorchor was on
the other side of the cab, jiggling at
the throttle; and the light engine was
clicking it off about fifty miles an
hour on the straight piece of track
between Portal City and Arroyo."

To be continued

Burns' Features Were Coarse.

Regarding the description of Robert
Burns, Scott says his features have
been unduly refined by his portraits.
Burns was about the average height
and of heavy build, with features in-
clined to coarseness. Numerous ob-
servers have commented on the extra-
ordinary glow in his eyes. "I never saw
such another eye," says Scott, "in any
human head."

Old Her Little Best.

"Dorothy, dear, I hope when you
took back the picture book that you
thanked Mrs. Naylor for lending it to
you." "There was nobody home,
mamma, but the door was open so I
went in and put the picture book on
the table and said 'Thank you,' and
came away."—Boston Transcript.

"Brazilian Grass."

This is a name incorrectly applied
to a substance used in the manufacture
of a cheap kind of hats known as Bra-
zilian grass hats, and also as chip hats.
It consists of strips of leaves of a palm,
which are imported to Great Britain
and elsewhere for this manufacture,
chiefly from Cuba.

Case Not Entirely Hopeless.

The proverbial "camel through
needle's eye" difficulty in getting to
heaven may disturb some rich men
but others are encouraged by the
thought that their lawyers have
dragged them through some pretty
small loopholes.—Boston Transcript.

Greenwich Master Clock.

By electricity the master clock at
Greenwich observatory fires time guns
and drops time balls in many parts of
England every day, and sends the
hour of 10 a. m. to all post offices and
railway terminals

The Mercury.

Published by Mercury Publishing Co.
Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1616

Saturday, March 26, 1921

Last Sunday was a hot day in Boston. The mercury in the thermometer climbed as high as 78 degrees, and all the city went panting for Revere Beach.

The Newport Bar Association, as well as the lawyers generally throughout the State, are opposed to the Sayles probate act, so called, now before the General Assembly. There was a big hearing on the bill in the State House Wednesday, Attorneys Williams and Peckham representing the Newport Bar Association.

Massachusetts General Court has repealed its daylight saving law of last year and has passed an act to have daylight saving begin the last Sunday in April and come to an end the last Sunday in September, thus cutting off two months from the time. This action will complicate matters in other sections of the surrounding country.

The emergency tariff bill passed by the last Congress and vetoed by President Wilson will be re-enacted as soon as possible after the new Congress comes together, on April 11. This has been agreed to by leaders in both houses. President Harding will sign the bill. This bill is designed primarily to aid the farmers of the country.

The New Haven road is laying off men in most of its repair shops. Several thousand have been discharged already and more are to follow. There have been very few discharges of the New Haven employees in this city as yet. Vice President Buckland says that the road must have the 10 per cent. increase in fare and freight rates asked for, or the road cannot exist.

Robbers are getting to be exceedingly numerous in many of our cities. Two men robbed the Blackstone Valley Gas Co. in Woonsocket Sunday evening. They locked the cashier in a closet and got away with \$2110. In Boston the same evening they robbed a lunch room almost next door to a police station and made a successful getaway. A bomb tore out the entire front of the house of a doctor in Bridgeport the same evening and injured several people.

People in many parts of New England thought that summer had come in earnest on Monday. It was said to have been the hottest March 21 in history. The thermometer registered 84 degrees in Providence and was equally high in many other cities and towns. In Newport the weather was what might be called "just fine" and very appropriate for the season. Although the thermometer registered high in many places at midday it took a sudden drop by night. In Boston the official register showed 82 degrees at 1 p. m. and 48 degrees at midnight. Two men were overcome in that city by excessive heat.

The automobile is a great institution, but it has been the general disturber of many industries. It has practically driven the horse into innocuous desuetude, as a conveyor of travel. It has sent nearly every suburban trolley line in the country into bankruptcy, and has greatly interfered with the profit of the urban lines. It has rendered unprofitable many lines of steam railroads by taking away their passenger travel, and its enormous trucks have become the great freight carrying conveyances in many parts of the country. What it will do next is a problem for the future.

ANOTHER DAYLIGHT HEARING

The board of aldermen are planning to have another public hearing on the subject of daylight saving next week. At the first hearing the sentiment was in favor of continuing the system, in vogue for several years, but the next hearing will be for the purpose of making a strong protest against the adoption of the Sherman act, which would prohibit cities and towns from adopting daylight saving ordinances.

That act was introduced in the Senate some time ago by Senator Arthur A. Sherman of Portsmouth and referred to the committee on special legislation, of which he is the chairman. This week the bill was reported out and is now on the calendar of the Senate. It is expected that the vote in the Senate will be rather close with a possibility that the bill may pass that body. There is, however, little likelihood of such a bill passing the House. Last year the House passed the bill creating daylight saving for the State, but it died in the Senate.

The people of Newport, like those of other cities in the State, seem to be overwhelmingly in favor of daylight saving. According to the present city ordinance the change goes into effect annually on the last Sunday in April.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The House of Representatives has this week passed the annual appropriation bill in record-breaking time. The disputed items were made a special order for Thursday after the unchallenged items had been adopted on Wednesday. The disputed items were disposed of in one day and the bill was passed as reported by the committee on Finance. It now goes to the Senate for concurrence. The bill is a big one this year, but does not comprise all the appropriations that will be made. From now on there are expected to be many financial measures reported and passed. Provision will also be made for improvements and possibly new buildings for the State institutions at Cranston, which will take a large amount of money, probably to be raised by a bond issue.

The Sherman bill to prevent daylight saving is expected to be productive of much argument when it comes up on the floor of the Senate next week.

Several important hearings are scheduled for next week, and the approaching end of the session is forecasted by the activity of the important committees.

NARRAGANSETT PIER RAILROAD

The South County Railroad from Kingston to Narragansett Pier will be abandoned and sold for junk unless the two towns of South Kingstown and Narragansett vote to finance it. A meeting of all the parties interested was held a few days ago, and the alternative was put squarely up to the towns by Mr. Hazard, the present owner of the road. It will require \$15,000 to make good the present deficiency. South Kingstown is asked to appropriate \$10,000 of this and Narragansett \$5000. In addition it was plainly shown that the merchants along the line must cease using auto trucks and have their goods come by the railroad in the future, if the road is to continue to exist. Mr. Hazard informed the meeting held Monday that he had been offered \$7000 for the line, to be junked, which would be accepted unless the towns came to the rescue.

STATE WIDE MOVEMENT FOR REFORM

The women of Rhode Island have started a State wide movement to demand legislative action for the betterment of the conditions of the State Infirmary. This action is the result of a meeting of the Civic League of Newport, which passed resolutions last week, demanding immediate action. On Wednesday Miss Maud Wetmore, as chairman of the Women's organization of the State appointed the following committee of well known ladies to act in the matter: Mrs. Henry A. Whitmarsh, chairman; Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston, Mrs. Henry I. Cushman, Mrs. Horace Bissell, Mrs. Estella Einstein, Mrs. Robert E. Newton, Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard and Mrs. George H. Crooker of Providence, and Mrs. William S. Sims and Miss Anna B. Henshaw of Newport. This organization will start the work of reform at once.

The Providence Journal in its art review section last Sunday had an excellent likeness of our veteran city treasurer, John M. Taylor. It calls him the champion, all-round treasurer. It says of him:

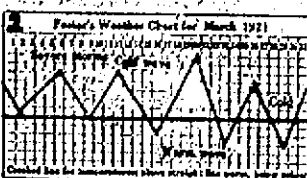
"John M. Taylor of Newport is believed to hold the State's record for handling of corporate funds. He has been treasurer of the city of Newport since 1904, of Emmanuel Church, Newport for 57 years, and for a long period treasurer of Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows, of which he has been a member for 50 years. He is also the oldest official in point of service in the Royal Arcanum in the country, having recently been installed for the 43rd time as collector of Coronet Council of Newport."

Jacob A. Eaton, for several years a member of the General Assembly from Providence, died at St. Joseph's hospital in that city on Sunday, from a cerebral hemorrhage. He was a native of Roumania, coming to this country in 1895. He had held many offices in the State, among which were printing commissioner, jury commissioner, and was at the time of his death a prominent member of the House Finance committee. Mr. Eaton was an active outspoken man, and took very naturally to politics. He had many warm friends in the State as well as many equally as warm enemies. He was of the Jewish faith.

Kolsh Grotto had a very pleasing social evening following the regular business session in Masonic Temple on Thursday evening. There was a large attendance of members and a very amusing program was rendered. Refreshments were served after the entertainment under the direction of the stewards, Messrs. John K. and Joseph McAlpine.

Yesterday, March 25th, was the date when it was formerly the custom for many colored men from the South to land in Newport to seek jobs on the farms of the Island. A few years ago there were many of these men waiting on Washington Square in the early morning of March 25th.

Some herring have been landed at the local docks, a sure sign of spring.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Mar. 26, 1921.

Five storm waves will cross continent during April, crossing meridian 90 near April 8, 14, 22, 18, as they progress eastward. The storm wave consists of three principal features; warmer, stormy, cooler. The average time in crossing continent from Alaska to vicinity of Newfoundland is near five days and, as the storms move in a half circle, on this continent, around the magnetic north pole, the average path of the storms goes far south after passing east of Rockies. Force of these storms will increase from first to last of April, most severe during weeks centering on April 9 and 22.

Crop weather of April will be generally good with average temperatures and rain. After first week in April the center of evaporation will be on central Atlantic ocean east of Newfoundland. As the evaporated moisture will move westward to incite the eastward-bound storms most rain will fall east of the high ridges and mountains that extend northward and also on the eastern slopes of high hills and elevated lands. These conditions are quite favorable to two-thirds, or three-fourths, of the continent, but west of these elevations may be expected less than usual rain. This appears unfavorable to west of Rockies, near Alleghenies on west side, west of Black Hills, between Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies; favorable to valleys of rivers extending eastward.

Most rain is expected during the weeks of severe storms. These conditions indicate about average crop weather for the continent as a whole and therefore does not suggest any particular influence on the grain and cotton markets. Apparently the cotton states and some sections of the grain states will get a little too much rain. Temperatures of April are expected to be about normal, or the average of many past Aprils.

If we could have fair markets, I would say that grain and cotton are too low on the farms and their products too high when they reach the consumers. But we have no fair markets.

I am of opinion that during our fall and winter seasons of 1922 which will be their crop seasons, disastrous droughts will occur in large parts of South America, West Africa, India, southern China, Indo-China, East Indies, Philippines and Australia, and therefore I advise all the countries of North America to produce and carefully preserve all the farm products possible during 1921. I also advise that North America will produce more farm products in 1921 than in 1922.

The heavy rain storm of Thursday night and Friday morning helped to green up the grass considerably, and a little warm sun would help very much to advance the spring vegetation.

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Po Fun—One Step
Dancing Honeycomb—Fox Trot
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Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot
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Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2895—\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
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Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufmann

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar MARCH, 1921.

	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1	28	29	30	31	1	2	3
2	29	30	31	1	2	3	4
3	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
4	31	1	2	3	4	5	6
5	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
6	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
7	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
8	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
9	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
10	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
11	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
12	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
13	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
14	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
15	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
16	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
17	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
18	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
19	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
20	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
21	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
22	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
23	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
24	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
25	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
26	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
27	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
28	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
29	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
30	26	27	28	29	30	31	
31	27	28	29	30	31		

Last quarter, Mar. 1st, 9:24 morning
New Moon, Mar. 9th, 1:10 evening
1st quarter, Mar. 16th, 10:50 evening
Full Moon, Mar. 23d, 8:20 evening
Last quarter, Mar. 31st, 4:14 morning

Deaths.

In this city, 26th Inst, Julius Engel, in his 68th year.
In this city, 25th Inst, Michael Driscoll.
In this city, 24th Inst, Edward L. son of the late Edward and Elizabeth Lennon.
In this city, 24th Inst, James R. A. Rodda.
In this city, 24th Inst, Rufus A. Willis, in his 71st year. Funeral at his home in Block Island Sunday, March 27, at 2 p. m.
In this city, 24th Inst, Mary Jane, wife of Joseph Ackroyd, nee Blake.
At New Bedford, 23rd Inst, Helen, wife of Robert Howard and daughter of the late Augustus H. and Catherine Conant.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent.)

POOL CHALLENGE

Gene "Kit" Littlefield, the amateur champion pool player of Block Island, has issued in behalf of the Athletic Association a challenge to the "Cane Club" of Lakewood for a series of three 100 point games.

Gene recently won his laurels by defeating John McGray in a title match of 100 points, the score ending 100 to 81.

WHIST NOTES

The following list comprises the winners in last week's Market Whist, under the auspices of the Athletic Association, the awards being furnished by the Littlefield Market:

Miss Marie Heinz, grape fruit; Miss Minerva Allen, bag of flour; Miss Lella Littlefield, 2 lbs. coffee; Miss Edna Dodge, 4 lbs. pork steak; Charles Smith; 4 lbs. sirloin steak; Oscar Willis, assortment canned goods; John McDonald, 20 lbs. sugar; Miss Ethel Teal, "Peanut" Consignations, Mrs. Charles Hall, Avard Standman.

The Sunshine Club met at the home of Mrs. C. Elmer Dodge last Thursday afternoon. One new member, Mrs. Cassie Smith was initiated during the session. Refreshments were served by the hostess after which a selected musical program was presented under the direction of Mrs. Grace McGraw.

SPECIAL SERVICES

Special services in observance of Passion Week were held each night during the past week at the Center Methodist Church. The last of these services will be held on Saturday night. On Easter Sunday-morning there will be a baptism in addition to the regular sermon, and in the evening an Easter concert will be presented by the primary classes.

Speckle Rose and Joe Martin were entertained at a steak dinner last Sunday afternoon by the "Bandit Club" at their quarters at Fish Point.

William B. Sharp, Joseph P. Malouf and John Heinz left Block Island a few days ago on important business, the nature of which has not been divulged to the public as yet.

Miss Gladys Steadman is enjoying a brief visit with friends in Providence.

Mrs. May Allen entertained the Board of Directors of the Athletic Association at her home on Connecticut Avenue last Wednesday evening.

The "Stonewall" Quartette, Joseph Peckham, James Holland, Edward McGinty and "Dud" Mitchell, are rehearsing some new songs for presentation at the Charity Social on April 4.

Contrary to general rumors the Market Whist will be held as usual this week at 8 o'clock.

OYSTER SUPPER

The oyster supper and sale held at the Hill-Crest by the West Side Baptist Church last Wednesday night was well patronized, people from all over the island attending.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent.)

Newport County Pomona Grange observe State Officers Day in Tiverton

The March meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange was held recently in Whitridge hall, Tiverton, by invitation of the Nanauket Grange. The affair was an all day meeting instead of the usual afternoon and evening sessions to accommodate those living at a distance.

State Officers day was observed there as has been the custom in years past. The meeting was presided over by Worthy Master Jesse I. Durfee of this town, and the following State Officers were seated upon his right and left: State Master C. Palmer, Chapman of Westerly, State Ceres Mrs. Chapman, State Overseer J. Curtis Hopkins of Chepachet, who is also the Providence County Deputy, State Flora Mrs. Hopkins, State Grange Lecturer Professor Philip H. Wessels, State Chaplain Rev. Gideon Burgess of Greenville, State Secretary Mrs. Clara L. Chase of this town, Charles P. Cornell of Providence, Master of Providence County Pomona Grange, Past State Master Sayles B. Steers of Chepachet, Past State Ceres Mrs. Steere, who is the present master of Chepachet Grange, Past State Master Joseph A. Peckham of this town, who with Mr. Steere is a member of the State Executive Committee, Mrs. Henry Turner, Past State Pomona of Greenville.

After the roll-call of officers and local Granges, two applications for membership from Nanauket Grange were received. As a suitable trophy it was voted to select a gavel and gavel block, and the award will be to the Grange having the largest percentage of attendance at each Pomona meeting for three years, not necessarily successive.

A dance for the benefit of Pomona Grange was announced by the committee, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham chairman, Mrs. George R. Chase 2nd, and Mrs. Sutcliffe, to be held in the Portsmouth town hall on March 28.

At one o'clock the meeting adjourned and an excellent dinner was served under the direction of Mrs. Edith Seabury, lecturer of Nanauket.

The afternoon session opened with a vocal selection by Mrs. John P. Peckham, accompanied by Mrs. Warren R. Sherman of Portsmouth Grange, who was pianist for the day.

An amusing playlet was given by Nanauket Grange, which was in the form of an Irish comedy, with jokes on well known Grange members, and Irish songs and dances, after which an address by Professor Wessel concluded the meeting.

During the noon hour and following the Grange a table with food, Easter candies and novelties were on sale. This was continued in the evening and supper was served to all who cared to remain for the Grange and dance.

The venerable chaplain, Mrs. Eliza Clarke Peckham, who is nearing her ninety-first birthday, was presented through Mrs. Ferdinand Armbrust with a large bouquet of violets sent by the Flora of the Jamestown Grange, Mrs. Katherine P. Janick.

All six Granges of the county were represented at this meeting. The April meeting which will be an afternoon and evening affair will be held with Conant Grange in Jamestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Chapman have removed their household goods from their home on West Main Road and will reside in Providence.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeeland

Police Commissioner Curtis, of Boston, has appointed 76 new police officers from the civil service list. All are world war veterans.

Daniel Edward Hill, well known resident of Elliot, Mass., and one of the best known horsemen in New England, died suddenly at his home. He died while asleep.

The trustees of Tufts College, Medford, Mass., announces an increase of \$25 in the tuition fee. The increase will affect all classes and all departments of the college.

Requests for bath tubs, electric lights and a water system made by the Passamaquoddy Indians have been approved by Doctors G. H. Combs and A. L. Smith of the Maine state department of health.

In response to the protests of the cities and towns in the metropolitan water area, the Massachusetts Senate killed the bill permitting boating and fishing on Lake Cochituate, part of the reserve of the metropolitan system. The bill recently passed the House.

Brig.-Gen. John W. Ruckman and Rear Admiral Herbert O. Dunn, commandant of the navy yard, Charlestown, daily refused to allow a soldier or sailor in United States service to take part in the South Boston Recreation day parade March 17, if members of the Friends of Irish Freedom, A. A. R. I. R. or Friends of India were to be in the line of march.

Fifteen hundred rats have been trapped along the Boston waterfront and examined for traces of the bubonic plague since the federal, state and city health authorities began active measures recently to safeguard the city against the disease which is now raging in at least five ports on the southern United States seaboard.

The ice left the Penobscot March 16, opening Bangor to navigation at the earliest date with two exceptions. In the history of the city. The average date of opening is April 7. Ferry service was opened between Bangor and Brewer, and steamer service between Bangor and Boston will be resumed April 4. The port was closed to navigation eighty days, the shortest period ever known.

The importance of standardizing the size of loaves of bread was emphasized by John J. Cummings, representing the Division of Standards, at a hearing before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Mercantile Affairs. At present any size is lawful, provided the exact weight is marked on the loaf. The recommendation is based on the report of the Commission on the Necessaries of Life. There was no opposition to the legislation.

There must be no "slipping back" of teachers' wages in any instance, but in most cases there should still be an increase, says Dr. Augustus O. Thomas, Maine state superintendent of schools. He has just completed an exhaustive study of the situation in Maine, where the question of teachers' salaries is one of the problems confronting the municipalities. Dr. Thomas, in compiling reports from all sections of the state, found that the average salary of elementary teachers in the present school year is \$703. In the high schools it is \$1776 for men and \$1117 for women. The average for high school principals is \$1811 and for superintendents \$2081.

By a roll-call vote of 10 yeas to 27 nays, the Massachusetts Senate refused to substitute for unfavorable action by the legal affairs committee, the Griswold bill repealing the present daylight saving law. Under suspension of the rules, and without record vote, the Senate then rushed through its various stages and sent to the House the compromise bill, under which the period of daylight saving is abbreviated by two months, beginning the last Sunday in April and continuing until the last Sunday in September.

NO YOUTHFUL BRIDES

Boston Couples Now Average Well Over 30 When They Reach Altar.

Boston.—Nine out of every ten prospective brides and bridegrooms who have applied for marriage licenses in this city in recent years are "well along in the thirties," according to City Registrar Edward W. McGlennen, who announced a result of a survey of the last ten years. "The young girl who comes here is now a rarity," he said. "The young man under twenty-five is an exception."

LANDIS ORDER REVERSED

Judges Rescind Rufe Closing Entertainers' Cafe for One Year.

Chicago.—Federal Judges F. E. Baker and Samuel Aleschner reversed the order of Judge K. M. Landis closing the Entertainers' Cafe, well known South Side cabaret, for one year. The reversal was on the ground that the government officials who confiscated liquor at the cafe did not have a search warrant. Judge Landis has issued injunctions closing three more saloons for one year.

Saw Stars.

Dazed Victim (in college boxing class)—Hey, professor, I didn't come here for an astronomy course—Boston Transcript.

Pews Only for the Nobility.

So far as is known, pews were first placed in churches for the use of Norman nobles. Ordinary worshippers sat on three-legged stools.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET

Week of March 14-19, 1921

(Prepared by the United States Bureau of Markets)

Fruits and Vegetables

Apples, onions and potatoes, which advanced last week, receded again this week. Cabbage, spinach and tomatoes showed higher, cauliflower much lower, and other important items practically unchanged.

New York State Baldwin apples were slightly lower at \$5.00-5.15 per barrel, some highly colored Massachusetts Baldwin sold \$5.00-5.10, while fresh pack, common storage Maine Baldwin sold \$5.00-5.10.

New York State Danish cabbage advanced slightly from the disastrously low prices of last week to \$10-11.50 a barrel. New Texas cabbage held steady at \$2.00-2.50 a barrel, but advanced sharply to \$1.25 at the end of the week. California cauliflower dropped under heavy receipts from an opening price of \$1.00-1.10 to \$1.00-1.10 per cwt.

Florida oranges and grapefruit continue plentiful and moderate in price, selling usually \$1.15-1.20 per box for Florida, and \$1.00-1.10 for grapefruit, depending on quality and size. California lemons lettuce was firm at \$1.00-1.10 per cwt.

Connecticut Valley onions declined 10c under heavy receipts to \$1.00-1.10 per 100 lb. bag. Norfolk spinach was depressed under heavy supplies to \$1.00-1.20 per barrel, but recovered to \$1.00 at the end of the week.

Arrochroot County potatoes lost 10c of last week's gain, closing at \$1.00-1.10 per 100 lb. bag. Connecticut potatoes were steady at \$1.00-1.10 per 100 lb. bag. Native grown green Hubbard squash continues in good demand at \$1.00 per bushel.

Native grown beets were unchanged at \$1.00-1.10 and turnips at \$1.00-1.10 per bushel, while carrots declined slightly to \$1.00-1.10 and parsnips sharply to \$1.00-1.10 per bushel.

Native grown butternut vegetables sold at the following prices: cucumbers \$1.00-1.10; dandelions \$1.00-1.10; and lettuce \$1.00-1.10 per bushel; radishes \$1.00-1.10; and tomatoes \$1.00-1.10 per bushel.

Dairy and Poultry Products.—Poultry seems to be the only one of the dairy products that can hold its own in the up and down market noted recently, and even this has had a more healthy position until the holiday demand served to clean up the surplus supplies of fresh birds. Since toning chickens have been in official demand, prices on these advancing to \$1.00 for the best and \$1.00 for the 4-5 pound sizes with a few capons reaching up to \$1.00.

EDWIN DENBY

New Secretary of Navy
Old in Naval Affairs

New photograph of Edwin Denby of Detroit, Mich., secretary of the navy in the Harding cabinet. He is fifty years old and was a representative in the Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth and Sixty-first congresses. He served in the navy during the Spanish-American war and enlisted as a sergeant in the marine corps during the world war, being discharged with the rank of major. During his terms in congress Mr. Denby was a member of the house committee on naval affairs.

CARNAGE FOLLOWS

KRONSTADT'S FALL

Officers and Leaders of Revolt
Slaughtered by Trotsky's Order—Throw Bodies on Ice.

Stockholm.—Details of the fall of Kronstadt before the repeated onslaughts of the Bolshevik army under command of Leon Trotsky, Soviet war minister, have been brought here by refugees.

In the clandel, according to the refugees, some 1,700 men were left endeavoring to fight their way toward the east and in the other fortresses, approximately 1,600 were made prisoner by the Bolsheviks.

All officers and leaders among the military forces and civilians were immediately picked out and, on Trotsky's order, given before the final attack, were executed. Their bodies were thrown on the ice in the Gulf of Finland, with stones and scrap iron in the pockets so that they will sink when the ice breaks up, probably a fortnight hence.

All the other rebel soldiers interned are awaiting the future which, according to the refugees, most likely will bring executions. As food is scarce and the victorious Soviet army is on half-rations, the situation of the prisoners is easily understandable, the refugees point out.

The horrors of the days of storming cannot be described, refugees say. The insurrectionary forces were repeatedly betrayed by inhabitants sympathizing with the Bolsheviks, and small bodies of the rebels were fired on and mowed down by machine guns in the hands of local Communists. The garrison was not strong enough to rush these forces of Communists and simultaneously repulse attacks from the outside.

WORLD NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

DUBLIN.—Seven members of the Crown forces, including an officer, were killed and twelve were wounded when a train was ambushed, says an official announcement. The attack occurred near Headford Junction.

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay.—The first fatal duel since the recent adoption of the law legalizing duelling occurred here when Captain Melo and Gomez of the Uruguayan army fought with pistols. Captain Melo was shot through the heart.

BALTIMORE.—Hollywood Park was destroyed by fire. Loss is \$200,000, with no insurance.

PARIS.—Rene Viviani, former premier of France, left Paris for America.

CHICAGO.—Twelve men were killed in an explosion and fire that destroyed the Armour Northwestern destroyer plant of the Armour Grain Company. The plant was said to be the largest grain elevator in the world.

NEW YORK.—Germany is to lose her age-old leadership in European medical research and education through a gift of 100,000,000 francs—about \$9,000,000 at the present rate of exchange—from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Medical School of the University of Brussels, Belgium.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Nippon Bank of Sacramento, a Japanese institution, having a capital of \$167,000, failed to open its doors. In a statement, Charles F. Stern, state superintendent of banks said: "The bank in heavily involved in rice loans which have been advanced to Japanese tenant farmers."

COPENHAGEN.—Employers' Association declared a lockout of workers in the iron and metal industry, textile, shoe, brick factories, and in the saw-mills in Denmark. A strike was called in retaliation, involving 200,000 workers.

The Derby Manufacturing Company of Derby, Conn., has lost a suit to restrain the collector of internal revenue from collecting federal taxes to the amount of \$533,000. The decision of the state supreme court in the case, finds that the state has no right to interfere with the internal revenue department.

25,000 PATRIOTS
HISS RHINE RALLY

15,000 in Madison Square Garden, 10,000 at Overflow Cheer Preaching of Americanism.

"WAR ENTHUSIASM" PREVAILS

Littleton Declares It Is No Time for Stilled Neutrality—Wishes for a Peace Made at Potsdam—Von Mach's Speech "Treason."

New York City.—The all-American mass meeting in and around Madison Square Garden was a tremendous demonstration of that brand of patriotism which is pure, undiluted and unadulterated. Its success was unqualified and unphased. In all the lavish spread of color only one flag was displayed—the Stars and Stripes. For once not even the emblems of the Allies shared in the decorative honors.

The American Legion gave its answer to the "Hindu horror" propaganda in a tremendous all-American demonstration in which 25,000 persons, most of them war veterans, participated.

A bugler standing on the flag swathed speakers' stand at Madison Square Garden sounded "Taps" while 14,000 men and women stood reverently at attention.

In the center of the main floor 200 gold-star mothers stood with their heads high in the beginning but bowed in their hands and batted in tears as the poignant notes came to a close. The silence ended in a sob that filled the auditorium.

A moment later came the call:

"On this solemn night, filled with the inspiration born of the memories of gallant men, we have come to pledge ourselves that this nation shall yet become a land of the one tongue, one ideal, one flag."

The answer was a passionate outburst of cheering and a frantic waving of flags, and the all-American meeting of the American Legion and a coalition of patriotic societies was under way. Not again during the evening could it be called "all-American." It was anti-German and nothing else.

The Garden was filled to the capacity allowed by the authorities three-quarters of an hour before the meeting was called to order at 8:15. Twenty thousand who sought but were denied admission thronged Madison Square, remaining for open air meetings that were held at three stands along Madison and Fifth avenues. No period of the war saw such emotion as marked the meetings inside and out.

Long before the meeting had begun the tempo of the crowds had manifested itself. Bands played in every corner of the Garden. Post after post of the Legion had marched in; veterans of the Civil War from North and South alike, veterans of the Spanish War and veterans of still other military adventures of the United States had been cheered as they arrived; the Gold-Star mothers and their escort of D. S. C. men had been given an especial greeting; nurses and women (F) had been hailed.

The enthusiasm started hours before the meeting. In response to the plea of the committee of patriotic societies that organized the all-American demonstration, shopkeepers and householders in all parts of the city had flown the American flag. Hundreds of thousands of citizens pinned American flags upon their lapels.

The great audience greeted with a deafening chorus of huzzas a mention of Dr. Edmund von Mach, the promoter of the "Horror" meeting. It condemned hyphenism, linked German propagandists with "pulling pacifists," bewildered Bolsheviks and Sinn Fein agitators.

The meeting broke into a prolonged outburst of patriotic fervor when Martin W. Littleton, pointing to General John J. Pershing seated nearby on the speakers' platform, declared that the only mistake the allies had made was that they had not marched to Berlin to perfect a Potsdam peace instead of a Versailles armistice.

Two hundred patriotic and civic organizations joined with the American Legion to give a fitting rebuke to the German meeting held in the Garden on February 28, and to condemn the holding of any further "polyglot propaganda."

General Pershing was the last speaker and none of those who had preceded him awoke greater enthusiasm. He said this meeting seemed to him especially timely. "Certain influences," he said, "again have arisen to poison the public mind and efforts are being made to weaken the ties that bind us."

MEET DEATH IN GERMANY

Two American Soldiers on Motor Truck Killed by Fast Train.

Coblenz.—Privates Thos. Hansenkrat, of Strasburg, Ohio, and Lawrence Murphy, of El Paso, Tex., of the American Army of Occupation, were killed when the Cologne express struck a truck which they were driving at Weissensturm. Private Lawrence Baker, the third man in the truck, was seriously injured. The bodies of Hansenkrat and Murphy will be returned to the United States.

Grieving over his losses of \$500 in the recent Postal get-rich-quick bubble, George C. Ball, 43 years old, of Worcester, Mass., before leaving his home told his wife and three children that he intended to end his life by throwing himself into Lake Quinsigamond. His efforts to do so were foiled by a policeman.

MISS JESSIE BURRALL

Organizer of the World's
Largest Sunday School Class

Miss Jessie Burrall, organizer of the Burrall Sunday school class of the Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, the largest Sunday school class in the world, resigned her post as director of school service work in the National Geographic Society and became director of religious education in Stephen College, Columbus, Mo.

SINN FEIN RENEW

ARMED OFFENSIVE

Eight Republicans, Seven Members of Force and Policeman,
Die in Clash at Cross Barry.

Dublin.—The pro-Easter offensive of the Sinn Fein army was renewed in all parts of Ireland with increasing violence. Two soldiers were killed in Dublin when a lorry was bombed. Six other soldiers, including an officer, were wounded. Three bombs were thrown at Crown forces in Millroy. Several persons were reported killed. Unofficial estimates of the casualties during the three-day offensive placed the number of dead at about thirty-five.

To combat the renewed outburst of officials in Dublin announced more stringent curfew laws. No person will be allowed on the street for any cause between ten o'clock P. M. and five o'clock A. M., it was stated. The new ruling has gone into effect and probably will be continued until after the Easter holidays. Wartime conditions prevailed throughout County Cork following an ambush at Cross Barry in which eight Sinn Feiners and seven Crown troops and a policeman were killed. A score of Sinn Feiners, together with a large quantity of ammunition and incriminating documents, were captured by the British troops after the ambush.

Military officials issued stringent orders to the troops against commission of reprisals, but reports were received of burning of houses and farms belonging to persons known to be sympathetic with the Sinn Feiners.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Average population in the United States in 1920 was 35.5 persons per square mile.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson called at the White House and had tea with Mrs. Harding. She spent half an hour chatting with the new first lady of the land.

Decisions in Texas courts valuing the life of a locomotive fireman at \$40,000 and a switchman at \$22,500 stand, as the result of the refusal of the supreme court to review them. Heirs of Buford McCoy, a Santa Fe switchman, won the smaller verdict; heirs of H. C. Mills won the larger.

Notice has been served on the administration by house leaders that there is not a chance of Congress voting enough money to maintain more than skeleton crews in the present navy. If all the ships are kept in commission.

President Harding now is inclined to favor an emergency tariff bill limited to wool, mutton and beef, wheat and possibly dairy products.

President Harding will consider all political prisoner cases at the earliest possible opportunity, according to Lucy Robbins, head of the A. F. of L. amnesty committee.

President Harding will throw his influence and that of the entire administration behind some emergency measure for the protection of agriculture.

President Harding has been informed that he has authority to impose an embargo on imports under war powers given by the trading with the enemy act. He does not wish to resort to the use of war powers, however, except as a last resort.

Secretary Mellon and Comptroller of the Currency Cressinger attended for the first time the regular meeting of the Federal Reserve Board.

Daylight saving time in Connecticut, to be fixed by local ordinance, was denied all the cities and towns by the General Assembly. The Senate adopted, 19 to 14, the bill of the agricultural committee, which reaffirms that standard time must be the only time in Connecticut.

GERMANY VICTOR
IN SILESIAN VOTE

Loss Feared of Region Containing Important Coal and Zinc Mines Called Essential.

MAY GIVE SLICE TO POLAND

Plebiscite Result Regarded as Upholding Polish Stand for Industrial Triangle and Linguistic Frontier.

Berlin.—The net result of the Upper Silesian plebiscite has been as was expected, Germany winning the manufacturing centers and Poland the most important mining region.

But while the early news of the vote brought from the German press a fanfare of triumph, in official circles it is feared that the geographic division of the vote will give the allied supreme council a too ready ethnographical authorization for a policy of partitioning Upper Silesia, which hitherto has been industrially an integral unit. This tone is also reflected in later press comment, which fears Germany may yet lose the rich mining and iron manufacturing district.

Almost completed returns, according to dispatches from Beuthen, show roughly that the Germans polled sixty per cent, and the Poles forty per cent, of the votes. The northern plebiscite area is all German and also a majority of the cities. The Poles have won the southern agricultural regions around Pless and Rybnik with seventy-eight per cent, of the votes east there. At the same time the Poles carried the industrial districts around Beuthen, Kattowitz and Jarnowitz, but the cities themselves voted German.

The northern third of the province and that part west of the Oder river went German, while the Poles carried the remainder, except the large towns. Generally the manufacturing districts and mining regions went Polish.

Neither contestant is entirely satisfied, each predicting a seventy per cent victory. As a whole, however, the Poles are more pleased than are the Germans, because the whole of the plebiscite returns are sufficient to substantiate the Polish claims regarding an industrial triangle. Poles in Paris have expressed the idea that in Upper Silesia there may be established a linguistic frontier.

Intense excitement prevails in Upper Silesia, and local observers there feel there is need of a prompt decision on the vote.

German voters, while expecting a strong Polish vote in Rybnik and Pless, where the richest Silesian mines are located, hoped for a better German showing.

Based on early returns, Dr. Simons, the German Foreign Secretary, gave the vote as 713,700 for adhesion to Germany and 460,700 in favor of Polish incorporation. He added: "All the towns, especially the industrial centers, show an overwhelming German vote. The Polish majorities are in the country, especially in those parts to which, contrary to the urgent desire of the German Government, troops were not sent in time for the protection of the German population, sorely tried by the Polish terror."

A few untoward incidents characterized the voting, but with allied patrols, with tanks and machine guns, on the march from six o'clock in the morning, nothing serious occurred. The night before the voting some bombs were thrown in a village, near Kattowitz, but there were no casualties.

The allied district commander in Beuthen reported that during the day he received a hundred desperate appeals for protection, but the only trouble was the breaking of one window frame and the throwing of three bombs in a garden where some Germans were celebrating. No one was hurt.

The plebiscite was not spectacular, because the Allies forbade posters, parades and singing. An American visited thirty polling booths at Beuthen, but saw no disorder, despite the fact that Beuthen is regarded as a notorious Polish trouble center. Indeed, the quiet here was more marked than was the case in the East Prussian plebiscite.

PIMPLES OVER
FACE AND NECK

Hard and in Blotches. Skin
Sore. Cuticura Heals.

"Pimples began on my face and spread all over my neck. They were hard with white heads, and they were in blotches. The skin was sore and many nights I could not rest. My face was disfigured."

"I suffered for four months. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I used four cakes of Soap and four boxes of Ointment which completely healed me." (Signed) Carlos Treas, 18 Way St., Fall River, Mass., May 24, 1919.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consists of Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Use the Soap, and no other, for every-day toilet purposes, with a little Ointment now and then as needed to soothe and heal the first signs of skin or scalp troubles. Use Cuticura Talcum for dusting your skin. It is an antiseptic, prophylactic, cooling, soothing powder of fascinating fragrance.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postpaid: Cuticura, Dept. 100, P. O. Box 100, Lowell, Mass.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Incorporated 1819

DEPOSITS

Increase	Feb'y 1, 1920	Feb'y 1, 1921
\$436,915.24	\$11,369,654.62	\$11,805,569.86

MONEY SHOULD BE PUT TO WORK PROMPTLY

You may now be holding money which you received for Christmas, thinking what you would do with it.

A good suggestion is, start an account with The Industrial Trust Company, where it will earn interest and soon increase.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month draws interest from the 1st of that month.

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND
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EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

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232 1/2 Thames Street

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CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

Duty to Posterity.
We should live and labor in our time so that what came to us as seed, may go to the next generation as blossoms, and what came to us as blossom, may go to them as fruit.—Exchange.

Leading Question.
"My wife is practicing with dumb-bells," proudly exclaimed a would-be athlete. "Do you find them any softer than the flatirons?" queried a wag who overheard the remark.

New Use for Airplane Engines.
A London factory owner believes himself the first to use an airplane engine as an ordinary power unit. Only a small part of the rated horse power is used.

Jolt for the Doctor.
Drink sour milk and eat potato peelings, advises Doctor Boynton of Bellingham, and live long lives; but that is what hogs eat and none gets gray at it.—Portland Oregonian.

Canadian Boundary Line.
According to a report recently issued by the United States geological survey, the length of the boundary line between Canada and the United States is 3,893 miles.

Spaces Between Words.
The custom of separating words by a blank space in writing was not employed until the Tenth century.

Among the First Editorial.
No man really knows a woman like a book until he has tried to put her on the "shelf"—Cartoons Magazine.

Flower Is Image of Bird.
Hungary grows a wild flower which is the exact floral image of a humming bird. The breast is green, the throat yellow, the head and beak almost black.

Pork Pies Prohibited by Treaty.
By a clause in a special treaty concluded soon after the first Punjab war the maharajah of Kashmir has the right—which he exercises—of prohibiting the importation into his territories of pork pies.

Width of French Roads.
In France all roads not less than 83 feet wide are required to have a single line of trees on each side, at distances apart varying from 16 to 32 feet.

Jud Tunkins.
Jud Tunkins says one thing that makes the help problem worse is that so few people are willing to help themselves.

Gymnastic Stunt.
Director—"Now I will open the window and I want you all to throw your chests out!"—From the Junior World.

Forewarned, Forearmed.
Our idea of a prudent man is one who never sees a sample without thinking of a buzz saw.—Dallas News.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE DEEMSTER

By HALL CAINE

Condensation by
Caroline Ticknor

Thomas Henry Hall Caine, since 1918 Sir Hall, of Manx descent, was born at Runcorn, May 14, 1832.

He was trained for an architect, but was attracted to journalism and to the writing of novels, which have frequently been reproduced on the stage during the years he has taken a hand in propaganda, largely intended for America, and was editor of "King Albert's Book" and "Queen Alexandra's Christmas Carol." His best-known stories have attained an enormous circulation in print, and reached great audiences on the stage. "The Deemster," "The Honours," "The Manxman," "The Christians," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" are among the best known in a long list, which have passed from the printed page to the stage, and finally in some cases to the film.

It will be interesting to see how his books last. A certain force he undoubtedly has, and he knows extremely well how to choose a subject with an appeal to a large audience; he has, however, a considerable crudity in thought and expression, and his emotional passages sometimes have the air of being created to order.

No English-speaking author has ever been so extensively advertised as Hall Caine. He must wait a generation or so to see whether in the end it pays to advertise.

THE scene of this story is laid in the Isle of Man, two centuries ago, and it is filled with the weird superstitions of the Manx people. Thorkell Mylrea, the Deemster, was a violent, cruel and crafty judge, who dwelt among the sturdy fisher-folk dispensing whatever justice suited his purpose. Being accustomed to bending all others to his will he was bitterly disappointed when his scholarly son, Ewan, refused to fulfill his worldly ambitions and retired into the ministry. In anger, he cast him off and took into his household his illegitimate son, Jarvis Kerruish, a worthless fellow.

Those qualities of strength and leadership which he longed to see in his son, Ewan, the Deemster found in his dare-devil nephew, Dan Mylrea, son of his gentle and God-fearing brother, Olleirist, Bishop of Man. Dan was a handsome, very young giant, who excelled in every manly sport, and Ewan and his lovely sister, Mona, adored their stalwart cousin, whose wild exploits among the fishermen gave the bishop much anxiety. From time to time Dan's impulsive nature ran away with him and he committed some reckless act that he sorely repented later. In a moment of thoughtlessness, when hounded for a debt, which he feared would worry the bishop, Dan forged his cousin's name, feeling sure that Ewan would willingly have advanced the money, and Ewan, being confronted with the signature, declared it to be his own, telling a lie to save his cousin from prosecution.

Dan's prompt expressions of sorrow and gratitude were checked by Ewan's announcement that Dan should be from this time a stranger to himself and sister. Crushed and humiliated, Dan rushed to Mona's home and sought his cousin in her room, where he acknowledged his fault and protested against being estranged from her.

Mona assured him that nothing should ever estrange them, and Dan, deeply repentant, hurried away, encountering in the hall Jarvis Kerruish, who seeing him emerge from his cousin's room, promptly reported to the Deemster this evidence of Dan's improper conduct towards Mona.

The Deemster, whose feeling for Dan had changed to jealous hatred, in turn conveyed this intelligence to Ewan, doing his best to convince him that Dan had treated Mona dishonorably. An excited interview between Ewan and his sister followed in which Ewan mistook her innocent protestations of love for Dan for a confirmation of her lover's guilt, and dashed away to avenge her supposed wrong. He found Dan ready to beg forgiveness for his past fault, but in blind passion Ewan took no heed of his words; accused him of being the basest of scoundrels, and bade him depart from the island.

Dan protested his innocence, but when he found that Ewan believed him to be a base, his own wild passion flamed up and he, in turn, cried out that there was "room for but one of them in the world."

A mortal combat followed, near the edge of a cliff, and Ewan, almost overcome, threw his dagger into the air and reeled backward, falling over the precipice to his death. Then Dan realized what he had done and was overwhelmed with remorse.

It was Christmas eve, and Mona waiting for Ewan's return, had a terrible presentiment of his fate. As she tried to banish her fears, Dan climbed through her window, prostrated himself before her, and confessed his guilt. Filled with grief for her brother, now of oratory, is alternately buoyed up by a conviction that fortune is at last about to smile upon him, and reduced to the depths of despair by her sudden and unaccountable withdrawal. David comes to have a genuine liking for the couple, so much so that when the Micawbers, having failed to meet certain financial obligations, are obliged to move to prison, and David to seek new quarters, he feels such a

sense of loneliness that he determines to run away to his aunt, Betsey Trotwood at Dover, an aunt whom he has never seen, but of whom he remembers to have heard.

The aunt adopts him and sends him to school at Canterbury, where he boards with his aunt's lawyer and man of affairs, a Mr. Wickfield, and his daughter Agnes, whose serene goodness becomes a constant inspiration to David. Here also he comes in contact with Mr. Wickfield's clerk, Uriah Heep, "a very humble person," an individual with a cadaverous face and a head covered with curly stubble, red eyes, which have a curiously unshaded appearance, and which seem to David to be ceaselessly watchful. His grovelling humility and clammy hand grasp fill David with uncontrollable loathing and distrust.

Having graduated with honors, David decides to become a proctor and enters the office of Spewlow and Jorkins. He at once falls head over heels in love with Mr. Spewlow's distractingly pretty daughter, Dora, who returns his affection. On hearing that Peggoty's husband is dying, David makes a hurried visit to Yarmouth to comfort his old nurse. While there, Emily, within a few days of becoming Ham's bride, little Emily, the precious treasure of her old uncle's heart, disappears and with her Steerforth. Carried away by his gallantry and persuaded that he will make her "a lady," Emily is none the less distracted by a sense of terrible humiliation and of degradation, for which she implores her uncle's forgiveness. David, overcome by the thought that it was he who first brought Steerforth to Yarmouth, returns to London, to find that his aunt has lost the greater part of her fortune. This makes it necessary for David to add to their income by using all his spare time in literary work.

Dora continues, uppermost in his thoughts, although Mr. Spewlow opposes the match. His sudden death leaves the timid, trustful, artless Dora, to the surprise of all, nearly penniless. David's tongue, though slender, permits of their marriage.

With all his love for his child wife, as she calls herself, he finds that her gay irresponsibility results in anything but a comfortable home. After vainly trying to develop her childish nature he uncompromisingly makes the best of it and continues to admire her bewitching ways. Meanwhile Uriah Heep has managed by deceit to worm his way into partnership with Mr. Wickfield, after which he proceeds to gain full control of the business. Considering Mr. Micawber likely to be a useful tool, Uriah hires him in the capacity of clerk, at such a meagre salary that Mr. Micawber is obliged to borrow sums of money from Heep, who takes advantage of this indebtedness to force Mr. Micawber to assist him in his dishonest practices.

At the end of a year Mr. Micawber requests an interview with David and his aunt at Canterbury. They find him filled with righteous contempt for Uriah Heep, the hypocritical plotter, and prepared to make a sweeping exposure, which he forthwith proceeds to do in his loftiest style which results in the recovery of Betsey Trotwood's money, full restitution to Mr. Wickfield, and in Mr. Micawber's own words, the final pulverization of Heep. "Blossom," as David delights to call Dora, proves as frail as the name, and in spite of his tenderest care she droops and at length is gone.

As at other times of trial, it is the quick sympathy of Agnes Wickfield that softens the pain, and through her influence David plans to go abroad for a time. Meanwhile out of gratitude to Mr. Micawber for his service in the recovery of her money, Betsey Trotwood offers to help the Micawbers to make a new start in Australia. The family joyfully accepts the proposition and prepare to sail on the same ship with Emily and her devoted uncle, to whom she has at last returned, and who is accompanying her to the distant colony to begin life anew. Before bidding these good friends farewell, David visits Yarmouth once more and witnesses the last scene of Emily's tragedy. A raging tempest beats a ship to pieces just off the coast. One living person is seen still clinging to the mast, and the irony of fate sends Ham to his death in his efforts to rescue that creature, whose body when washed ashore proves to be that of Steerforth.

After three years' absence abroad, David returns to England, and gradually comes to realize that Agnes Wickfield has always been his guiding star and held sway in his heart. Betsey Trotwood, fearing that David may still be blind with regard to the feeling of Agnes toward him, guilelessly mentions that she has reason to believe that Agnes is to be married. Whereupon David is determined at whatever cost to his own feelings, to tell Agnes of his joy in any happiness that may come to her. He soon discovers that she has never cared for any other than himself and that her future happiness will be his as well.

As the years pass and a group of children is added to their home, David continues to find Agnes his inspiration as of old.

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Kansas City Had First Electric Car. Kansas City had the first electric car in the United States. It was put into operation May 1, 1885, on a line south of Westport, an extension beyond what was then known as the "Westport Horse Car Line."

Knowing and Living. Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.—Frederic Harrison.

Deserving of High Estate. Honor and fortune exist for him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes.—Emerson.

ALMOST LOST BIG DISCOVERY

Predatory Bird Carried Off Pod Containing Precious Seed That Produced Burbank Potatoes.

Luther Burbank recently told Colorado potato men a story of his discovery of the world-famous Burbank potato, which has only recently come to light. While Burbank was experimenting with potatoes about twenty years ago he noticed in his patch one plant which held one particularly promising pod of seeds. To his practiced eye these seeds and the plant which bore them would contain the germ of a new and excellent potato. If he had thought it necessary he would have put a watchman over this one small seed ball. As it developed later, the money that would have been required for a watchman would have been but a minute drop of silver in the ocean of gold which this one pod was destined to produce.

Every morning Burbank would go to the patch to see how the pod was faring, and often during each day he would look at the plant to discover the time when the pod could be picked.

One morning he went into the patch and the pod was gone. With the help of workmen he searched for it. Finally, after hunting for hours, 20 feet away from the plant, in the midst of other plants, the pod was found.

"I think a bird must have picked it off and tried to carry it away," Mr. Burbank told the Colorado potato men. "Anyhow, there it lay, and I picked it up and planted the seeds, and that's how we have Burbank potatoes today."

HAD NO ANSWER TO THAT

Georgia Man's Assertion Concerning Watermelons Left Upholder of Indiana Product Gasping.

Harry Grimsley, a Terre Haute Rotary club man, comes from Georgia and is still in love with his native state. He boasts of its wonders, and the last time he discoursed on it, was telling of the wonderful bargains he got in watermelons. "Why, we got the very biggest ones for only five cents," he said.

"But they aren't so big as the ones we have up here," persisted one of his listeners. "Why, out on my farm we had some half as big around as half the top of this table. We didn't eat any of it except the core, and yet the whole family had enough of it and more."

"Down there," drawled Mr. Grimsley, in his most southern drawl, "we never eat nearer than two feet of the rind of the melon and yet there's always more than enough for a family in one melon."—Indianapolis News.

Post-Mortem Jokes.

Quite an interesting article, we fancy, could be written on "The Humor in Wills." For example, take this passage from the will of Lord Pembroke: "I bequeath nothing to Lord Say, because I know he will bestow it upon the poor." Or this: "A Lancashire gentleman bequeathed an ounce of modesty to the editor of the London Journal, explaining the small quantity by saying that he was 'convinced that an ounce would be found more than he would ever make use of.'"—Boston Transcript.

House With Straw Walls.

A house with walls made of compressed straw has been erected in Paris. The framework of the building is of wood and the sides are filled to with blocks of lightly compressed straw, which are stated to be as hard as concrete and just as inflammable. Owing to the lightness of the materials only small foundations are needed, and a house of this kind can be built in a month. The idea of using straw in this way is attributed to a French textile engineer.

Freshen Roses.

Roses will give much greater return if, before they are put into the water, the ends of the stems are crushed or mashed. Then when the rose wilts cut off the end of the stem, slit it in half for about one half inch, hold the ends in boiling water for a few minutes, then plunge the stems in cold water. The rose will be as fresh as new. Do this at night and let the roses stand in a deep picher of water all night before placing them in the vase.

Musical Instruments in Arabia.

"The Arabian love-songs seemed of key for the desert. Always in a minor key, usually high-pitched, slightly nasal, at times, and ending in a resigned, hopeless minor note, they were weird and plaintive," according to a writer in Asia Magazine. "One did not need to understand the words; perhaps it was best that one should not, for they were frequently bald and unlovely. It was the music that told the story, revealed the passion and even hinted of that it dared not tell."

Gave Them What They Asked For.

Deacons seeking ministers for their churches often applied to Mr. Spurgeon, famous English pulpit orator. One asked him to send a student who could "fill the chapel," and got an answer saying that Mr. Spurgeon had not one big enough, but he thought he could send one who might fill the pulpit. A reply came that that was really what they wanted, and a minister was accordingly sent. It was Mr. Whale.

Smoke injures galvanizing iron. Galvanized iron has been found by a German chemist to be unsuitable for roofing much exposed to smoke. Sulphur dioxide, though having little effect when dry, causes rapid deterioration in presence of moisture, and a mixture of sulphur and carbon dioxide is very corrosive, though moist carbon dioxide alone has slight action. The microscope shows in the corroded galvanized iron minute cavities and sulphate containing ferric oxide, due to galvanic action of actual solution of the zinc coating.

ANOTHER SWAT FOR THE FLY

Supreme Court of Maine Adds Its Voice to Denunciation of Almost Universal Pest.

The dog having had his day before the Supreme Court in Washington, we now find the "buggy, curious, thirsty fly" preening his wings in the solemn precincts of the Supreme Court of Maine as a co-defendant. He finds few sympathizers. For his size he is the most malicious and detestable of beasts, and the mischief he does is immeasurable. In this case the court of appeal was told that a summer boarder had engaged rooms at a hotel for two weeks and had left at the end of four days, declaring the flies intolerable. The Supreme court upholds the plaintiff in his refusal to pay for his infested accommodations.

The Journal of the American Medical association makes the case the text of one of the most exhorting denunciations of the fly that have been penned; but will the fly care? Not a bit of it. "A fly," wrote Emerson in his despair, "is as untamable as a hyena." Probably a fly was teasing the sage of Concord as he wrote. The best thing Josh Billings ever said was "D— a fly!" Shakespeare would have said it if he had thought of it. As a carrier of pestilential putrescence the fly is without a peer. The help of the Supreme court of Maine is welcome in putting him down.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WILL TAKE LAND FROM SEA

People of Holland Meet Problem of Expanding Population in Characteristic Dutch Fashion.

After many years' deliberation the people of Holland have decided that they need more land, and, having reached that decision, they have gone about the acquisition of it with characteristic Dutch energy and determination, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The program contemplates the building of a 30-mile dike across the outlet of the Zuider zee and gradual reclamation of parts of that body by means of smaller dikes and a filling-in and pumping process. The damming of the north end of the Zuider zee presents difficulties, not only on account of the length of the dam, but also due to the fact that at the Frisland shore the water depth varies from 11 to 33 feet. The foundation of the great dam will be, literally, billions of all sizes of tree branches, lashed together into great bundles. These will be sunk, forming a supporting mat of enormous area. Upon this will be placed a thick layer of coarse crushed stone, and on this powerful foundation will be reared the masonry of the dike.

Plant Diseases Costly.

Millions of bushels of grain, fruit and vegetables and a big tonnage of cotton were lost to American farmers last year by plant diseases, according to figures compiled by the plant disease survey of the Department of Agriculture. The survey said that the statistics indicate that lack of prompt application of known measures of control was largely the cause of the loss. The plant disease survey estimated the losses at 112,000,000 bushels of wheat, 50,000,000 bushels of oats, 80,000,000 bushels of corn, 50,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 40,000,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 185,000 tons of tomatoes, 850,000 bales of cotton, 5,000,000 bushels of peaches and 10,000,000 bushels of apples.

Tuberculosis Ebbs and Flows.

The decline of tuberculosis is likened to that of leprosy by Dr. Louis Corbet, lecturer in pathology at the University of Cambridge. Leprosy was formerly one of the world's great scourges, but has become practically extinct in western countries. Tuberculosis seems to be following, as it is declining at an increasing rate, its deaths having fallen off nearly 60 per cent since 1885. Apparent causes of the change are lessened overcrowding, otherwise improved social conditions, more and better food, and the adoption of methods of rural ventilation. The war has given tuberculosis a new lease of life in European nations, especially in half-starved Austria, where it runs riot.

"Polite" Motor Horn.

The magazine Motor announces the arrival of the courteous motor horn. Up to now the motor horn has been decidedly cacophonous. It squawks unpleasantly; it bellows alarmingly; it utters noises disagreeably suggestive of nausea.

But the new horn, which is appearing on the market, has a tone that is at once polite and powerful. It warns, yet does not offend the sensitive ear. The tone-adjusting mechanism is so contrived and arranged that the horn is easily regulated for any degree of vociferousness, but it yet carries a warning to the pedestrian.

On Their Mettle.

The head waiter and his assistants are fastened. "I've noticed that." "And there seems to be great excitement in the kitchen." "What do you suppose is the matter?" "A visiting chef has just dropped in and offered a seven-course dinner."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Making Use of Lizard Skin.

The lizards of India—and India has a great crop of them—are hunted for their skins. Women's and children's shoes, purses and handbags are manufactured from them. These articles have been found to wear as well as calfskin or glace kid. The average skin is two feet square and is worth 32 cents. A pair of shoes made of lizard skin costs four dollars.—Popular Science Monthly.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Oh, the Brute!

There has been a certain amount of breeziness in the discussion, which centered around the relative virtue and accomplishment of the two sexes. "You men," said the advanced young woman, "think a great deal of yourselves because you think there is a shortage of your kind. Personally, I should not mind in the least living in a world where the men and girls were separated by an ocean." The darling bachelor smiled at her. "I dare say you are right," he agreed. "Still, in the event you mention, I'm certain that there would be a large number of women drowned."—London Morning Post.

Effect of Laughter on Health.

Most happy is the effect of laughter on the circulation. A good laugh is virtually a series of spasmodic contractions. These forcible chest movements cause a partial closing of the glottis which increases the pressure within the thorax and so impedes the entry of blood from the veins into the heart. This effect is discerned in the turgidity of the head and neck. In the second place the exceptionally deep inspirations tend to expand the lungs with air and to draw off the blood from the veins of the heart.

Deported as Undesirable.

Little Jean was filled with love and admiration for the tiny baby sister who, she had been told, had been sent her from heaven. The love and admiration changed to disgust, however, when the new arrival discovered that she possessed a strong pair of lungs which she exercised unceasingly. The other day Jean was overheard to remark to a little playmate "Just listen to her whoop it up! I bet she yelled like that in heaven and the angels chuckled her out."

Curiosity and Study.

Curiosity is a passion very favorable to the love of study, and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet in a second, and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable; but you do not care how light and sound travel. Very likely; but make yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, pretend to care; make believe to care, and very soon you will care. I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle; do it lightly and you are untested; grasp it with all your strength and you feel none of its asperities.

Timepiece Gave Good Service.

Timepieces, which reached high efficiency early in the machinery era and are subject only to slow wear, should rank as the most enduring of working mechanisms. A clock over the gateway of an English castle is reported to have stopped, and investigation has brought to light an inscription showing that the last repairing was done in 1760. At last worn out, the massive works have stood off the time for 160 years with no attention except winding.

Becoming Overpopulated.

Johnny, who already had two younger sisters, had been promised a baby, brother, much to his delight. When the eventful day arrived the nurse told him the story had brought another darling baby sister. Poor Johnny was disappointed. Shortly afterward his father found him alone in his bedroom and asked him how he liked his new sister. "An," said Johnny, hopelessly, "it's gettin' too crowded around here!"

Vast Riches in Cometack Lode.

The Cometack lode produced \$340,000,000 of gold and silver in the 20-year period from 1890 to 1890, the largest annual output being in 1877, when \$38,000,000 was taken out. The vein was four miles in length and great pockets in the rocks were filled with ore. It was mined to a depth of 3,600 feet, when following water was so far further depths could not be reached.

"Writer's Cramp."

Writer's cramp has been defined as an occupation neurosis to which those who do too much writing, especially with the hand too tightly contracted, are especially liable. A person with this trouble has not complete control over the muscles of the thumb and middle and fore fingers, although other manual operations are performed without difficulty. The affliction seldom manifests itself till toward middle age.

Hawk Really Farmer's Friend.

From early times in the eastern United States country boys, and even sportsmen, have held "hawk shoots" during the autumn flights, making their ambushes at places where woodland gives way to fields, and particularly where the flight-line is determined by an adjoining body of water. Such hunting is in general rather senseless, or worse, for most of our hawks are beneficial birds.—Exchange.

Imported Insect Pests.

Mexico has contributed its share of insect pests that are now established in this country. Chief among these are the boll weevil, the pink bollworm and the little Mexican beetle, known as the bean ladybird. The last, which has been discovered in Alabama, threatens to spread to other states and inflict immense damage to the cowpea and bean crops.

Doggie Surely Lost.

Junior's dog, Rex, had a collar with his name and address engraved on it. One day the boy let the dog go out. Later he discovered that he had forgotten to put the dog's collar on. "Oh!" said the child, "now he's sure to get lost. How will he ever know where he lives without his collar?"

Exactly What Is Optimum?

A species of poppy of Hindustan and Asiatic Turkey gives us optimum. The optimum is the juice from incisions in the green heads of seed capsules of the plant after the petals have fallen. The juice looks milky, but turns black as it solidifies.

"LION" AT LITERARY FEAST

How Great Historian of Civilization Squelched the Jackals Who Had Imagined Him Discomfited.

Lynph Stanley was an Englishman of whom Lowell said that he "knew three times as many facts as any young man whatever had any business to know."

He had but one rival in that line: Palgrave, who compiled the "Golden Treasury." Much interest sprang up among their friends when the two went off on a trip together.

"It's an even chance which will return alive," said one man, solemnly. When they did come back, Palgrave was pale, emaciated, silent; but Stanley, it seemed, was unmoved and more all-knowing than ever.

One night, Buckle, the author of "The History of Civilization," was laying down the law on every subject, with a magnificent pomposity that made the table quiver. At last he put forth some statement about the burning of a witch, and set the date a century out of the way. Stanley, who was present, had borne some preceding inaccuracies very well, with only a slight shaking of the head and a reddening of the face.

Suddenly his self-control gave way, and he leaped to his feet. He extended his hand, and piped forth, in a vigorous treble:

"I beg your pardon, but the last witch was burned at such-and-such a place, in such-and-such a year, in such-and-such a manner. And her name was so-and-so, and you will find all about it in a book to which I can easily refer you, and about which you evidently don't know."

Torrents of imprinted knowledge were thereupon poured on Buckle's head, and the historian of civilization sat, writhing, extinguished, mute. But a little later he had his revenge. Some one mentioned a new dictionary as a good one.

"It is," said Buckle with solemnity. "It is one of the few dictionaries I have read through with pleasure."

The information that he had read any dictionary through with pleasure astonished the guests that they forgot his past discomfiture in new awe.

Noises Made by Elephants.

The elephant uses both his trunk and his lungs in calling, and he has a large variety of sounds and combinations of sound with which to express himself, writes Charles Mayer in Asia Magazine. When rushing an enemy he trumpets shrilly, when enraged by wounds he grumbles hoarsely from his throat; he expresses fear by a shrill, brassy trumpet and a roar; and pleasure by a continued low squeaking, through his trunk.

When apprehensive of danger or when attempting to intimidate an enemy, he raps the end of his trunk smartly on the ground and trumpets. The peculiar noise sounds like that produced by the rolling up of a sheet of tin.

In a moment of danger, the elephant coils his trunk to protect it from injury. When he is engaged in heavy work, such as piling lumber, he may use his trunk to balance the load he is carrying on his tusks, but never to bear part of the burden. If an unburdened elephant must pull a rope, he holds it in his mouth, taking good care to keep his trunk out of the way.

Beetle Hurts Pulp Industry.

A gray-green beetle has much to do with the present shortage of paper. The beetle is the adult form of the aspen borer, a grub which often destroys whole plantations of the trees that are so essential to the pulp industry. The beetle gnaws a slot in the bark and deposits one or two eggs therein. From these eggs come the trouble-making grubs that gnaw into the heart and sapwood and so riddle the tree that the first strong wind snaps the weakened timber.

Poplar and aspen—both fast growing trees, and for this reason very valuable to manufacturers—are the objects of this borer's attacks. The imported Lombardy poplar and the commercial cottonwood of the Mississippi valley are very seldom injured, but all other native varieties are damaged by the grub.

In some areas, where poplar and aspen predominate, the standing dead, fallen and dying trees exceed 50 per cent of the total stand.

Supply of Ostrich Feathers.

In 1914 there were 1,600,000 ostriches in South Africa. These are now reduced to 300,000. Germany and Austria are still out of the market for feathers. England is taking a few and they are too costly for France. The ostrich feather business of the world is now in the hands of about six men, with headquarters in London. They hold from \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 worth of ostrich feathers, in normal times the world's supply for a year. The United States being practically the only market for the feathers, this country has the say as to the price, and is giving from \$20 to \$100 a pound, when in an active market they should bring from \$160 to \$200.

Frenzied Finance.

Roberts—What's the matter? "Finances bothering you?" Richards—Yes, I owe Rogers \$5, and today I've got it, and he knows I've got it, and he knows I know he knows I've got it.—American Legion Weekly.

Necessarily Thus.

"And Jones, you tell me you believe in love?" "Of course, certainly." "At first sight?" "Naturally. D'you think anything else that'd follow a second look?"

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Stearns*

SOUND BUSINESS METHODS

The keynote of President Harding's inaugural was its emphasis on sane and sound business methods as the only means by which the disturbed condition of business can be relieved. This may not sound so immediately attractive as promises of a more illusory kind. There are many public men who will tell you off-hand just how to cure all special wrongs. But if you placed such men in power, they would increase taxation by their costly schemes, they would advance the cost of living for everyone by more expensive production, they would tie up business by measures that check enterprise.

In a number of paragraphs of his inaugural address, Mr. Harding laid emphasis upon such items as the following, as the means for a return to prosperity:

1. Administrative efficiency.
2. Adequate credit.
3. Lightened tax burdens.
4. Efforts to solve agricultural production problems.
5. No unnecessary interference with business by government.
6. National and personal economy.
7. Cooperation between labor and capital, etc., etc.

A program of this kind will not set the galleries shouting. There is nothing in it to rouse class prejudice and win the favor of the factions. But it is only through honest work done along these lines that you can put the community on a good basis.

The principal thing for the government to do in times like these, is to stop wasting the people's money, and to pass laws encouraging business, giving producers confidence to go ahead in a large way. Then the people must do the rest by thrift and hard work. There is no short cut and no royal road back to normal times. It is infinitely better to have a president who realizes these truths, than to have one who deludes the people with illusory hopes that he can't fulfill.

POLICY IN MEXICO

Hundreds of millions of dollars were invested in Mexican enterprises during the 16 years of Republican administration previous to President Wilson. Men who put in this money believed it would be an advantage to everybody to have these rich resources developed. But under the chaos that prevailed there for the last eight years, much of that property was destroyed. The operation of a lot of it was so interfered with that it yielded no revenue, and must have deteriorated.

These losses have unfavorably affected business in this country. If those enterprises had been protected a constant stream of revenue would have flowed into the United States. Staples useful to our people and industries would have been produced.

Democratic sentiment had the idea that the business men who invested in Mexico went down there to exploit and rob the natives. If American capitalists had not been willing to open up new country, they would have been lured by the Democrats that they were lacking in enterprise. The business man gets it going and coming from the Democrats. If he acts, he is a robber and exploiter, and if he doesn't act, he has no vision and ambition.

The Democratic administration aroused the antagonism of the Mexicans by attempting to dictate their form of government, but it is not able to give substantial protection to legitimate business.

The new administration will assume until shown to the contrary that when Americans invest in Mexico they are trying to win legitimate success by developing unused resources, and are entitled to protection. It will not tell the Mexicans what kind of government they must have, but it will make it clear that the government they select must perform those functions of protection of life and property which a government is created to conduct.

DAYLIGHT SAVING

The Governor of Massachusetts has signed the daylight saving bill, recently passed by the Massachusetts General Court. This makes the daylight saving commence in that State at 2 a. m. Sunday, April 24, and lasting until Sunday, September 25. This means a five months duration of daylight saving, instead of seven months. The cities and towns of Rhode Island will doubtless make their regulations to harmonize with those of Massachusetts.

Mr. Rufus A. Willis, a well known fisherman, died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday following an operation a short time previous. Funeral services will be held at his home in this town on Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock.

He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. John F. Chase of Newport and Mrs. John P. Casler of Springfield, Mass., and three sons, Messrs. Oscar, Rufus B. and Loyal Willis of Block Island.

St. Georges School will close for the Easter vacation on Tuesday, the boys from New York and the South starting for their homes that evening, while the others will leave early Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing has gone to Washington for a short stay.

CHAMPION THRIFT STAMP BUYER

George H. Jenkins of Boston Has Purchased One Stamp Daily for Three Years

Best Record in United States for Systematic Purchases

George H. Jenkins, treasurer of the Federal Optical Company of 187 Washington street, Boston, has, according to the Savings Division of the First Federal Reserve District, probably made the best record for the consistent purchase of Thrift and War Savings Stamps of any person in the United States. Certainly his record is the best of any that has thus far come to the notice of the Division's officers, not in total amount but in the systematic manner of the purchases.



GEORGE H. JENKINS

When the stamps first were issued in December, 1917, (dated Jan. 1, 1915) Mr. Jenkins purchased one, then he bought one or two more of the \$5 stamps and in March, 1918, decided that he would buy a Thrift Stamp every day. Being of old New England stock that was trained in thrifty ways of living, and with the co-operation of Mrs. Jenkins, who also has been brought up to live economically, Mr. Jenkins thought that this experiment might prove interesting and beneficial. From that time on he has purchased one Thrift Stamp every day except on Sundays and during his vacations. Saturdays he buys two Thrift Stamps, covering Sundays in advance, and the same rule he has applied to the days of his vacations, making the purchases for the entire time spent away from his home in Winchester in advance. It was with the belief that this was the best training in systematic savings that Mr. Jenkins adopted the plan of daily purchases. Rain or shine, hot or cold, he purchased a stamp daily.

The Thrift Stamps were converted into War Savings Stamps as fast as the proper number had been obtained. At the end of each of the years of 1918 and 1919, Mr. Jenkins purchased enough extra Savings Stamps to bring the total maturity value of the securities for that year up to \$125. At the end of 1920 he bought enough to give him \$145 in that series, so that he started the year 1921 with \$135 worth of the stamps, and the habit of daily purchases fixed on him permanently. He is enthusiastic over this easy method of saving.

"I undertook to purchase one stamp a day," said Mr. Jenkins, "as a sort of test. After a time I was surprised to find how easy it was to go on buying. How little I missed the quarter a day and how fast it counted up. Instead of buying seven stamps at a time to cover each week as it passed I persisted in the daily purchases. It has proved well worth while. I have not missed the money, needless to say, and I really get enjoyment out of seeing myself such a task. It is the best of training in system—and shows how even a very small amount of money saved daily, may be made to count up to a respectable sum in a year. I believe that if more people would set themselves such a task it would help them and help the Government."

The first year he started buying the stamps, Mr. Jenkins said, his son was born and there were several other calls upon him for emergency expenses, but nevertheless, he persisted in buying the stamps. In June 1920, Mr. Jenkins started purchasing two stamps daily but at the end of two months he decided to go back to the one-stamp-a-day plan. The extra purchases during June and July account for his having accumulated \$20 more last year than in 1919 and 1918.

This year Mr. Jenkins plans to purchase one of the new \$1 Savings stamps as an extra each week and with the \$50 thus to be saved he will secure two of the new \$25 Treasury Savings Certificates.

There have been plenty of people who rushed in and bought much larger amounts of Savings Stamps in a single purchase, but the Savings Division's officers say that they consider Mr. Jenkins' example one deserving of the greatest praise of all because it points the way for small savers to "grow their acorns into large oaks." It shows what can be done by saving systematically and persistently over a long period—and he still continues his plan with more enthusiasm than ever.

Truth About Porcupine

The quills of the porcupine are loosely inserted in the skin, and may, on being violently shaken, become detached—a circumstance which may have given rise to the purely fabulous statements that the animal possessed the power of actually ejecting its quills like arrows or darts at an enemy.

THING THAT REALLY COUNTS

First Punch Always the Effective Agent, in Life as Well as the Squared Circle.

Georges Carpentier is a smart fellow—that is, he is something more than a fighter. One might even call the Frenchman a prophet.

"The one that gets to the first punch will win," he said, referring to his coming match with Dempsey.

We'll let it go at that so far as the next world's championship heavyweight fight goes. But just look around and see if you have a punch in your system and if you can land it first. How hard can you sock at your job? What is your batting average in the a. m. Or can you take a punch as well as give one?

They called Tris Speaker a miracle pilot because he put the punch into a ball club that copied the world title. He always made it a point to land first on the scoreboard and when he didn't he kept slugging away until he usually had his lead at the end of the game.

Man o' War is called the greatest horse the world has ever had. But the little colt is just a horse that puts the best he has into every race and always Man o' War finishes ahead of the dust.

The football star who "hits 'em first" is usually on the honor roll when the elents are hung up at the end of the season.

It's the punch that counts, from marbles to K. O.—Chicago Evening Post.

IMITATE CUSTOMS OF WEST

Manchu Women on Streets of Peking Use Rouge, but in Manner Pronounced Clumsy.

The first strikingly surprising custom among the citizens of Peking is that the women wear skirts. James A. Muller writes in the National Geographic Magazine. To a traveler fresh from America, this would seem as it should be, but to one resident in the land of trousersed women it appears almost immodest!

They not only wear skirts; they further approximate western usage by painting their faces. Broadway is nature itself in comparison; for in Peking there are no light, artistic touches, but bold check circles of red upon frankly whitened faces—cosmetics unblush.

These are the Manchu women. The Manchu men, descendants of the roving Tartars, go fully clothed into this spacious city of their fathers' balancing trick birds upon their wrists; for, now that the empire is no more, their only occupation, that of ruling, is gone, and the conquered Chinese, immemorial city dwellers, are masters of the capital. It is a significant illustration of the age-old ability of the Chinese to absorb and enervate their conquerors.

A Little Love Story.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman. The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her reality and she will love me for them."

But the man of action said: "How old-fashioned! I shall corner the stock market, and that will bring her."

So the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of his, who ran a ten-cent magazine to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other and became a millionaire.

In the meantime the girl married a man who inherited his money, and lived happily ever after.

But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care; and the man of action was so busy that he didn't care.

The only one to suffer was the man she married.—Exchange.

Tells Joke on Himself.

The other morning when Mrs. B—'s new neighbor accompanied her husband to the door as he was about to start on his way to his work, she lovingly called out to him: "Good-by, sweetheart." Soon after Mrs. B— and their little daughter went to the door with Mr. B—. He kissed the little one and said good-by to Mrs. B—. She, not wishing to be outdone by her happy neighbor, called to Mr. B— as he was half way down the walk: "Good-by, dear." Mr. B— turned around so quickly to look back at his wife that he stumbled and with difficulty kept on his feet. "I saw him shaking with suppressed laughter as he went down the street," said the indignant Mrs. B—.—Indianapolis News.

New American Industry.

Establishment of a new Eastern factory with 50,000 square feet of floor space, for the manufacture of artificial pearls from fish scale essence, marks the beginning of a new American industry, formerly dependent on imports from France, Germany and Italy, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The common herring is the base of supply for the iridescent material used, and removing it is an arduous task, because each scale, taken from certain parts of the fish, yields only a tiny speck of luster.

Suction Tube Unloads the Boat.

A big suction tube is used at Oakland, Cal., in the operation of unloading crafts of their cargo of copra. The material is thrown into the hold loose and the end of the tube is thrust down the hold. The material is light and the current of air readily picks it up and carries through the pipe to the bins on the wharf where it is stored. Copra is lighter than cork and comes from tropical countries.

To Wash Gold Chain.

Put chain in a small bottle with warm water, some pulverized chalk and a bit of grated castile soap. Cork the bottle and shake well, then rinse the chain in cold water and wipe on a towel. Gives a brilliant polish.

Sacred Mohammedan Rock. A report on the Dome of the Rock of Jerusalem is shortly to be published and will be of great interest to the Mohammedan world. It may not be generally known that this place is the third in sanctity of all the sanctuaries of Islam, and indeed for a short period it actually formed the Kaba toward which all Moslems prostrated themselves in prayer.

Among the more important religious associations of this rock we may mention it was here that David and Solomon were called to repentance, and on account of a vision David chose this site for his temple. From this same spot Mohammed ascended to the seventh heaven after his night journey from Mecca, and lastly it is to be the scene of the Great Judgment. The historical associations are not less striking and such famous names as Omar Abdel-Melek, Saladin and Suleiman are all connected with the rock.

Self-Luminous Animals.

Not less than 30 different orders of animals are self-luminous, we are told by the new work of H. Newell Harvey on "The Nature of Animal Light." These include many forms of protozoa, hydroids, jellyfish, bryozoa, polychaete and oligochaete worms, brittle stars, crustacea, myriapods, insects, mollusks, primitive chordates and fishes. None of the luminous species inhabit fresh water, all being terrestrial or marine. The luminosity is sometimes shown by both larvae and adults, and in a few instances by eggs. In experiments made, two substances have been isolated—luciferase, an enzyme, and luciferin, a protolipid—and the light appears to result from bringing these together in the presence of oxygen and water.

Recovered Coin After Fifty Years. Fifty years ago when the foundations were being laid for the Washington statue in front of Independence hall, in Philadelphia, John Nash, then a policeman, threw a 2-cent piece into the hole being dug for the foundations. Recently when some changes were being made to the statue, Nash recalled the incident and stirred up the dirt and uncovered the coin. It will be hung in Independence hall. Incidentally, Mr. Nash recalled that 2 cents had a buying capacity at that time treble that of today.

"Rare" Ben's Epitaph. Not only is Ben Jonson's epitaph in the Abbey, "O rare Ben Jonson," one of the simplest ever composed, but it is said to have cost no more than eighteenpence. The stone over his resting-place was originally quite bare, and an admirer of the dramatist, as a personal tribute, paid a mason 18. 6d. (36 cents) to cut the four words on the stone. The author of this simple epitaph was probably Sir William Davenant, who succeeded Jonson as Poet Laureate and was also buried in Poet's Corner, with a similar inscription on his tombstone, "O rare Sir William Davenant."

The Virgilian Plow. Early the forest elm is bowed by main force to bend into a share-beam, and takes the shape of the curving plow; to the stock of it are fitted the long eight-foot pole, the two mold-boards, and the double back of the share-head; and the light line is cut to season for the yoke, and the tall beech for the plow-tail that is to turn the carriage from above and behind, and oak battens are hung over the fire for the smoke to search them through.—"The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil" (tr. by J. W. Mackail).

Great Secret. A business concern in Boston has this pungent maxim prominently displayed in its front window: "A completed transaction is an asset; unfinished business is a liability." A modern efficiency expert could write a 60,000-word book on that text, and then really not say much more. The world is full of "starters" who never get anywhere. The big idea is to choose only worth while objectives and then finish what you start.—Albert Sidney Gregg.

Embarrassing Moment. The car was crowded and as we neared our destination my cousin and I decided to make our way toward the door. I suddenly missed my purse, so we started back through the car to look for it. A number of people helped us in the hunt, and then a woman said: "Why, your purse is hanging on your umbrella." I should have liked to have made an exit through the nearest window.—Chicago Tribune.

Bears Favored by Nature. In the woods of India are found many small brown bears that are known as the honey bears, because of their love of honey and their continued search for the hives of wild bees. These bears are fitted by nature to get the honey, two of the upper incisor teeth being missing, and their lips are very extensible.

Probate Court of the City of Newport March 24th, 1921

Estate of Martin Wigginton. REQUEST in writing is made by FLORENCE WIGGINGTON of said Newport, widow of Martin Wigginton, late of said Newport, deceased intestate, that she, or some other suitable person may be appointed guardian of the estate of said Martin Wigginton, late of said Newport, deceased, and said request is received and referred to the eleventh day of April next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport March 24th, 1921.

Estate of Arthur A. Linn. PETITION in writing is made by ANNA M. LANN of said Newport, requesting that she, or some other suitable person may be appointed guardian of the estate of ARTHUR A. LINN, a minor under the age of fourteen years, son of Axel M. Linn and of Anna M. Linn, and said petition is received and referred to the eleventh day of April next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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No. 112
Reserve District No. 1
REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business February 21, 1921.

ASSETS	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts including overdrafts unsecured	\$2,921.75
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited to secure circulation, (U. S. bonds pay value)	114,000.00
Owned and unpledged	36,772.25
Total U. S. Government securities	150,772.25
Total bonds securities, etc., other than U. S.	100,577.79
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (60 per cent of subscription)	5,100.00
Equity in banking house	20,700.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	13,134.27
Cash and cash items due from National banks	63,915.31
Exchange for clearing house redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,600.00
Interest earned but not collected on notes and bills receivable not past due	3,308.21
Total	\$784,709.59
Liabilities	Dollars
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits	20,322.61
Less current expenses	
Interest and taxes paid	2,820.02
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	1,675.46
Circulating notes outstanding	108,404.60
Certificates outstanding	9,971.56
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding	135.91
Individual deposits subject to check	438,610.78
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	25,490.08
Dividends unpaid	472.30
Total	\$784,709.59

Aggregate amount of salaries or compensation paid by this bank to chairman, president, vice presidents, cashier and assistant cashiers for month of January, 1921, \$520.68. Annual pay of all these officers at January, 1921, rate of \$400. Number of these officers on date of this report was 3.

Aggregate amount of salaries or compensation paid to all other employees of the bank for the month of January, 1921, \$255. Annual pay of these employees on last day of January, 1921, rate of pay, \$220. Number of these employees on date of this report was 2.

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of March, 1921.

PACKER DRAMAM, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: GEORGE W. FERRMAN, WILLIAM W. COVILL, WILLIAM E. DENNIS, Jr., Directors.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., March 19, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of HARRIET ELIZABETH WESCOTT, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate, not heretofore presented, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

FRANK LITTLEFIELD, Administrator.

3-19

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

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EMERSON H. MITCHELL, Administrator.

3-19

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND
House of Representatives

Public Hearing.

CHIROPRACTIC

Providence, R. I., March 23, 1921

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 75, entitled "An Act to regulate the practice of Chiropractic," in Hearing Room 315, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1921, upon the rising of the House.

FLETCHER W. LAWTON, Chairman

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, So.

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court
Newport, March 23rd, 1921

WHEREAS CLINTON M. RICHARDS of the City of Newport in said County and State has filed in this office his petition praying for a divorce from the body of wife, now existing between the said Clinton M. Richards and Helen A. Richards now in said County of Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the eleventh day of April next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

3-25-4-30

Probate Court of the City of Newport March 24th, 1921

Estate of Louise and Andrew Dawson. PETITION in writing is made by CHARLES J. DAWSON of said Newport, requesting that he, or some other suitable person may be appointed guardian of the persons and estates of LOUISE DAWSON and ANDREW DAWSON, minors under the age of fourteen years, children of said Charles J. Dawson and of Johanna H. Dawson, late of said Newport, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the eleventh day of April next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

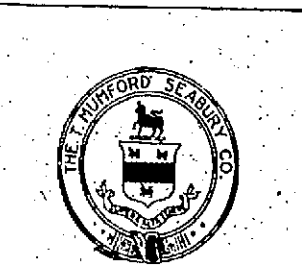
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

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